1932

Friday, January 1, 1932. Cold; snow.

Snow falling did not prevent the scheduled hockey game from being played. Faculty and boys met in what proved to be a victory for the former; and the onlookers witnessed some very good skating.

It was natural, perhaps, that most of us should feel a bit weary after the festivities of the night before, but eight o'clock found the hostess on duty as usual, ready to greet visitors and to start another year of "story-telling."

Visitors came; not in droves, to be sure, but still they came. There were four overnight guests - interesting young men and women from a New York settlement house - evidently taking a holiday from their work there.

Ninety-eight people were served in the dining-room: eighty-five dinners (we served no luncheons to-day) and thirteen teas. This was, of course, exclusive of meals served to the boys or to the Inn workers.

Cold, rain, snow, hail - a decided contrast to the marvelous weather of the past few days - we wonder if, perhaps, it is a forerunner of what we may expect for the remainder of the winter.

Saturday, January 2, 1932. Snow and rain.

We thought yesterday was a "mean" day, but to-day produced weather which made yesterday's offering seem puerile in comparison. Tho the streets of Boston were free from snow, our roads were covered with a wet blanket nearly two inches thick. Rain was falling in torrents as we left the city in the morning; but we soon entered the snow-covered area when we reached Framingham. But that is as it should be: the old Inn really seems to demand the snow-setting, and the patter of rain on the roof and the windows makes the fire-places doubly inviting and attractive to the casual visitor.

The woman who telephoned this morning and asked for reservations for ten or eleven people to be served an "O.K." dinner at seven o'clock was very wise, we thought. It is on a night such as this promises to be that the sirloin roast and all the "fixin's" taste better than they possibly could in any other place than the dimly lighted old kitchen at the "Red Horse."

Anne Dickerson.
1/2/32.

Wayside Inn

Journal.

January 4 - 9, 1932.

Monday, January 4, 1932. Cold.

~Head-house-12/31~

Some time ago we wrote of our new "head house" on Dutton Road, opposite Dutton Lodge, and today we submit the above photo of the building. Housing, as it does, the heating apparatus for the dormitory across the road, it is one of the most important recent additions to the Wayside Inn property.

Twenty by thirty feet, with a twelve-foot pit, this building, in addition to holding the heating plant, contains engineering equipment, such as the switch and meter-boards, distribution panels,

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January 4 continued.

December, 1931.

domestic hot water supply, cold water pumps, and hot and cold water tanks. The green house is likewise taken care of by this building.

"

Tuesday, January 5, 1932. Graf.

"Smithy" or Lamson House - 12/31

December, 1931.

In view of the fact that we yesterday inserted a view of some recent construction work near the Hatsidi Inn, we are today showing two pictures of the old "Smithy" House, or the "Lamson Place." The work here is partly new and partly remodeling.

The ell (shown in the picture at the top of the page) is a 16' x 27' addition, recently built, and is to serve as kitchen, back entrance, and entrance to cellar.

January 5- continued.

The work is as yet unfinished, but when completed will be a great improvement over conditions existing at the time the carpenters took possession of the house. Partitions torn down, making one large room where formerly there had been two smaller ones; such improvements make the house more liveable and cheerful.

A large tree before the house is covered in summer with an immense vine which gives a fairy-land aspect to the view one has upon looking from the second-floor front windows. Delicate green tracery gives one the impression of living lace-work; when a scarlet tanager or some other bright-hued bird flits thru the air to finally come to rest amid the tangle of stems and leaves, it is as tho some master weaver had let his fancy stray and used the brighter color to enhance the beauty of the rest.

The knoll on which the house rests commands a splendid view of the surrounding country-side; smoke curling from the chimneys of the Wayside Inn, the distant Inn orchards on the side of "Mount" Nobscot, cattle graging in the nearby fields - small wonder that we

January 5- concluded.

mused and dreamed dreams as we gazed at the peaceful scene before our eyes.

That was last spring; summer followed, and autumn came; and now, the ground covered with snow, the picture is just as enticing - tho it is entirely different from the one we saw a few short months ago.

Wednesday, January 6, 1932. Rainy.

A remark about the snow and the welcome winter weather seems to be a signal for a disappearance of every vestige of snow. Rain, rain, rain — never, it seems, has it rained any harder than it has to-day. Even the most slippery, icy roads are fast becoming clear — a most comforting fact to the motorist and pedestrian alike.

The first dancing class of the new year was held this evening in the large ball-room. For some reason there were a number of young ladies who were without partners — so the teacher, Mrs. Poole, cleverly turned the class into a "Leap Year Class", and during the entire evening the girls asked the boys to dance. Most of the girls had the time of their lives: this was their chance, even tho they might never have another, of dancing with the boys they liked best. On the whole, the boys liked it, too, tho there were a few cases where pretended ignorance of a dance step constituted a refusal to accept the ladies' invitations.

Enthusiasm for these dancing classes is real and unfeigned,

January 6 - continued.

and it is no unusual sight to see one or two new suits appear in an evening. Not knowing the girls' wardrobes as well as we know the boys; we can't tell which dresses are new and which have been owned for some time. It is the assumed air of nonchalance on the part of the owners of the new suits which makes us smile.

Psychologically as well as socially these classes are a success. It is not hard to see the reasons for this.

Thursday, January 7, 1932. Sunny; warm.

The annual "January thaw" took place last night and to-day. That is, the weather would have produced a "thaw" if there had been any snow or ice to be melted; but the rain of yesterday had caused both to disappear and the roads looked as tho they had been vigorously swept by some unseen, but very efficient hand.

These are quiet days at the Inn; days when inventory is being taken, and when the most arduous task for the one hostess on duty in the morning seems to be keeping the parlor, bar-room, and old kitchen fires going. The Inn takes on a home-like aspect on dull winter days which it can never have during the summer when there is the constant ebb and flow of visitors to the place.

Until six-thirty in the evening there was quiet. But at half-past six and for an hour afterward "the welkin rang" while the Glee Club rehearsed in the ball-room. The double quartette which met for a few minutes after the rehearsal showed great interest in the negro spiritual "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen" which is being learned, and really did some fine work on it.

Friday, January 8, 1932. Gray.

Today threatened to bring snow, but it "held off" until late tonight. - (It would really be too bad if this winter sped by without leaving a part, at any rate, of its quota of snow.

Assembly was held at the Inn at quarter of six until approximately seven-thirty. The usual form was somewhat changed by Mr. Campbell, who acted as master of ceremonies; and the affair took on a somewhat more informal aspect. The songs to be sung were chosen "from the floor": that is, the boys suggested the numbers they wished to sing, whereas these songs have generally been chosen beforehand by the person in charge.

Apart the choosing of the songs: a crushing blow was dealt the accompanist of the evening when one of the boys chose a song she did not know! Humiliating experience for one who has never been so "caught" before, but awfully good as an antidote for concentrated egotism!

Miss Marion McCarthy, of Arlington, (Mass.) played two selections on the violin, and if

January 8 - continued

the applause indicated the boys' true reactions, the young lady's playing was much enjoyed.

Dancing was omitted this week, but will take place next Friday evening as usual. Because of this, the assembly will be held over for a week, when from then on dancing class and assembly will be held on alternating Friday evenings.

Twenty-five students from Ashland, (Mass.) High School, together with three teachers, came to the Inn at half past six tonight to see the house. When we think of Ashland we think also of the "Warren Telechron Clock" which had its modest beginning in that town. Possibly we may be pardoned for a feeling of pride in the fact that this is another "New England industry" which has become known the world over, and which sprang into being at our own door, so to speak.

Saturday, January 9, 1932. Snow

Last night's snow made a changed Hayside Inn, as far as appearances went. Early this morning we were out "snapping;" and for sheer beauty we believe we have never seen anything to excel the scenes about the Inn and the grist mill. Next week's journal will contain some of these pictures, which, of course, we were prevented from inserting today.

At six o'clock twenty-six chicken dinners were served to guests of a Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star, who, upon her retirement from office, took this means of entertaining her fellow officers. All the guests were at the same table, a long, narrow affair in the old dining room.

A novel arrangement was the manner in which the "candles" were placed. Each "candle" was an electric one, fitted with a tiny, individual battery. No other lights were on in the dining room, and the table looked most attractive and inviting as the guests entered the room and found their places.

After the dinner hostess and guests departed to the home of

January 9 - continued.

the former, where the remainder of the evening was spent in playing games and in other forms of entertainment and amusement.

Anne Dickerson
1/9/32.

Sunday, January 10, 1932. Snow; sun.

A cold day in the middle of winter, a quiet peaceful Sabbath, hearth-fires glowing with mid-week warmth tho it was the day of the week when they ordinarily would be cold - this was the condition of affairs to-day when Miss Ida Louise Comstock, president of Radcliffe College, Mr. George Hood Bacon, of the engineering firm of Ford Bacon and Davis, of New York City, and Mrs. Renda Berenson Abbott, of Northampton, (Mass.), came to the Inn. Mr. Bacon is a friend of President Hoover.

They arrived shortly before noon and were greeted by two of the hostesses whose chief reaction to the visit was that they, hostesses of the Inn, should be able to impart knowledge to a college president! The college president, however, was most interested in absorbing that knowledge, and appreciated every detail throughout the journey thru the house.

Unassuming and gracious, Miss Comstock signed our "special" register by writing "President (so called)" after her name.

The cheerful fires, the lusty singing of "Dickie", our canary, and the general air of comfort

January 10 - continued.

and "liveable-ness" that pervades the Inn impressed the visitors noticeably. Then, too, when the sun came out in a blaze of glory and turned the grounds into a winter fairy-land, their admiration for the old Inn became even greater.

Anne Dickerson.
1/10/32.

Wayside Inn Journal.

January 11 – 16, 1932.

Monday, January 11, 1932. A Bright "blue" day.

We use the word "blue" advisedly, for a bluer day we never saw. A cloudless, sapphire sky which made the shadows on the snow pale by comparison, furnished a gorgeous setting for the brilliant ball of fire that was the sun. Trees and shrubs bent low under their snowy burden, and the few winter birds hopping about were hard put to find the food they were searching for.

Our two schools re-opened to-day after an extended Christmas vacation which was due to the appearance of scarlet-fever in the town of Sudbury. As the Redstone School teacher expressed it: "The first half-hour of the morning exercises was entirely narrative in form!" The children had to be relieved of the burden of keeping the lists of their Christmas gifts to themselves, and this wise young woman realized that the best course was to let them "blow off steam," so to speak.

A man and his wife and two children drove out from a Boston hotel to see the Inn. They saw it — they liked it — they stayed and had a chicken dinner; and in the period follow-

January 11- continued.

ing dinner, as they were sitting before the bar-room fire, they decided to stay overnight. So "Daddy" was dispatched to Boston and the Hotel Statler for luggage, and our guests from Ohio made themselves comfortable and at home in the old "Red Horse Tavern".

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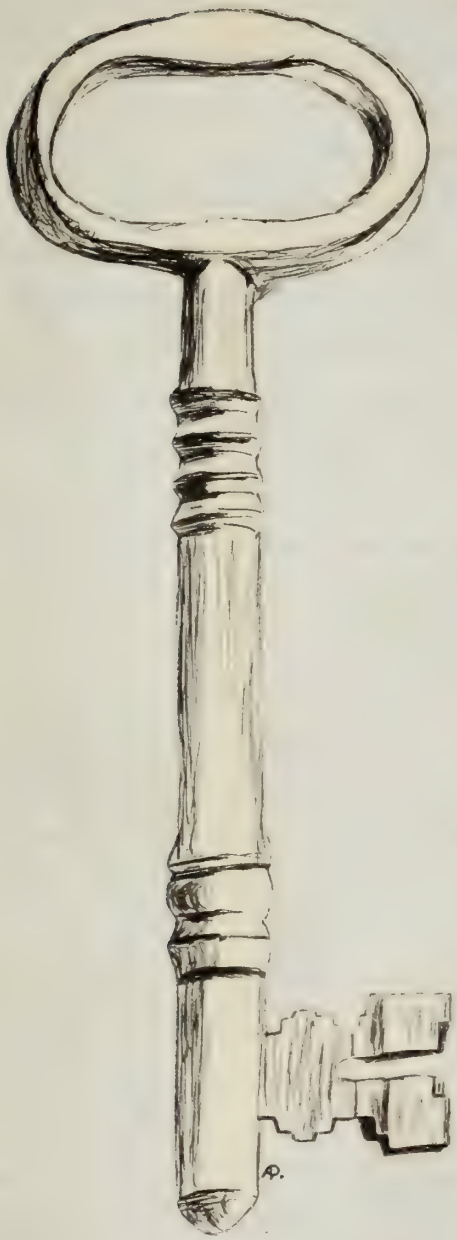
21

2 - 26

Tuesday, January 12, 1932. Warm; gray.



Actual size of key to Wayside Inn.

In 1890 or thereabouts, workmen were making some much needed repairs on the Wayside Inn. During the period from the auction of 1861 until the date in question the old house had taken on a less dapper appearance than was formerly the case, and renovation and repairs were absolutely necessary if the house was to continue to stand.

A Mr. E. E. Sargent, who now lives at 95 Maple Street, Greenfield, Mass., but who at the time of the work mentioned above lived in Hudson, (Mass.), happened to be at the Inn one day and noticed a very large iron lock being removed from one of the doors. Upon his speaking to one of the men about it, he

January 12 - continued.

was told in a joking way to "take the lock home and put it on a bureau drawer."

He followed out the first part of the instructions, and the lock was in his possession for a number of years, until it was stolen from a shed on his property - probably by some mischief-loving boys - and lost to him until he chanced to see it hanging in an old blacksmith shop. Naturally, Mr. Largent claimed the lock and kept it until it once more found its way to the Hayside Inn.

The key is shown in its actual size (on the first page of this entry). The dimensions of the lock are as follows:

Width — 5 3/4 inches
Length — 9 " "
Thickness — 1 5/8 " "
and — 2 " " on one end.

Wednesday, January 13, 1932. Very warm.

Any patches of snow which were left after this morning's rain were very quickly dispelled by the heat of the atmosphere. "Steam" rising from the roads made driving difficult, and in low places a dense blanket of fog enveloped everything.

Rather than write of events - they were the usual routine of rhythm band and sewing classes at the Inn for the Redstone School children, piano lessons, and the junior dancing class at night - rather than write of these, we are inserting some pictures taken recently which, we believe, "tell their own stories."

January 13 continued.

Dec., 1931.

Dairy barn at Ezekiel Haw place. This barn houses the hand-some Devon cattle belonging to the inn.

Dec., 1931.

The "Salvage Yard" near Lyndon Lodge. Correctly named, it is in this yard that articles needing repairs are reclaimed and salvaged.

January 13 - continued.

December, 1931.

The entrance to the Cooling Plant. In here are kept the luscious Macintosh apples which delight the hearts of so many of our guests.

Cider-press. Dec., 1931.

No wonder our golden-red cider is delicious, made in such a clean place.

January 13- continued.

Dec., 1931.

One of the two school-rooms at Calvin Hall House.

Dec., 1931.

View of laboratory looking west. On the right is the stock-room, and in the center the steam boiler. Left of the large wheel is the gas-driven water-pump "on wheels."

The "lab" is the particular joy of the Redstone and Southwest boys.

January 13 - continued.

January 9, 1932.

Gate-house (from garden-wall). 1/9/32.

Gate-house (from road). 1/9/32.

January 13 - continued.

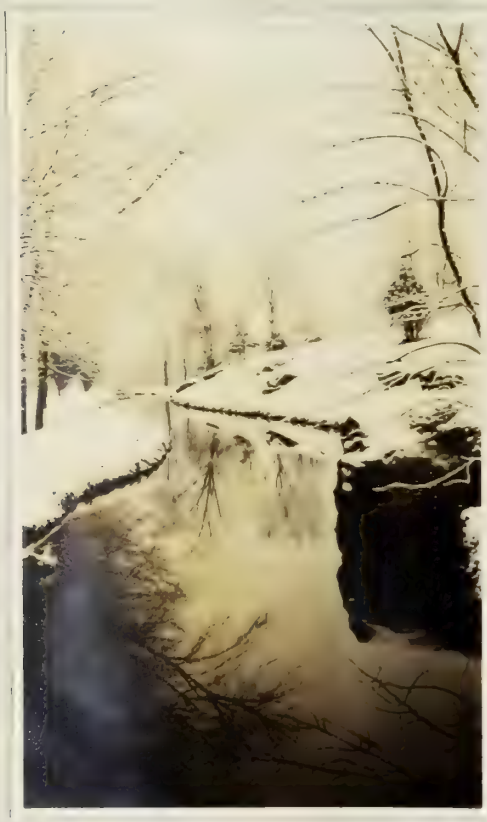
Mill - pictures.

Grist-Mill. Jan. 9, 1932.

"Just before the water reaches the wheel." 1/9/32.

From the Grist-Mill, looking toward the Inn.

January 13- continued.



Jan. 9, 1932.

This picture was taken at a point above the grist mill; the outlet from the land opposite Calvin Dow's house.

There is no need to dilate on the beauties of the scene, for they are evident. Rather, let us simply say we are thankful to work in such surroundings.

January 9, 1932.

"Below" the mill, with the camera headed toward the dam. The gurgle of the brook was as gay and lively as it is on the balmiest day in summer.

January 13 concluded.

I

Pictures taken in the 1800's call our trees "Ancient Oaks at the Wayside Inn." The picture above bears out the statement.

January 9, 1932.

II

Taken from in front of the Inn, this is the section of road between the Inn and Dutton Road.

11/9/32

Thursday, January 14, 1932. Very warm.

Sixty-nine degrees was the thermometer reading this afternoon - a record for a day in January. As a result, seemingly, of the mild, sunny weather, people flocked to the Inn; and all afternoon the hostess on duty was busy taking dinner and tea orders and in showing guests thru the building.

During the day there were forty-one luncheons and dinners served, and twenty-seven teas - quite a change from the days of a week or so ago when the orders were much fewer and the guests were more slow in coming.

The photograph below is a rather unusual one in that it shows the large tree opposite the Inn, on Tray-

January 11, 1932.

January 14 - continued.

January 11, 1932 - Opposite the Inn.

side Inn Road. Ordinarily one has a "full-face" view of the building, so this is a pleasant change. The picture on this page is of the barn opposite the Inn and shows how a well-behaved evergreen tree should look in winter dress.

But the beauties of winter are all too fleeting this season: one or two days of snow-covered landscape seem to be all we can expect. If we are not on the qui-vive for picture-taking we "miss out" entirely and have to content ourselves with a spring, "Well, such-and-such would have made a beautiful picture when it was covered with snow." For this reason we go about armed with camera and films in order to be ready to snap anything

January 14. continued.

that catches our fancy.

January 11, 1938.

Well might this be called "A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE." The snow seemed to cling to the trees with more than usual tenacity; and an artist who had skill in using charcoal would have had abundant material for pictures.

Friday, January 15, 1932. Warm, with rain.

Birthdays are happy days, and the fifth birthday of the Mary Lamb School in its present location was no exception to the rule. In addition to the "lambs", several pupils from the Southwest School were present — pupils who attended the little red school when it opened its door for the first time in its present location, on January 15, 1927. Several of the Sun people were invited guests at the afternoon exercises in the little school; and the youngest of all — guest — or pupil — was Master William ("Billy") Boyer, who, by his smiles and rapt attention to all that went on, showed that he, too, hopes some day to be a "lamb." Billy celebrated his fifteen months' birthday by attending the birthday exercises.

A short program of songs and readings together with a little talk on the history of the school, given by the teacher, Miss Allen, was enjoyed by all who were present; and when the youngsters discovered that they were to be "in the movies" they were much pleased. Mrs. Poole took pictures as the children and guests filed from the tiny building which has been

January 15 - continued.

the cause of such controversy of late.

In the evening the senior boys and the "bin workers" and their friends had a most enjoyable and profitable dancing class. To most of those present the Caprice was a new dance; but all seemed to "catch on" and enjoy it very much.

Saturday, January 16, 1932. "Mild."

January 11, 1932.

View of trees lining Dutton Road, with the "Hostess Cottage" in the distance.

Perhaps we have commented unduly on the weather during the last week; but there has been such a variety given us that we had to mention it. Snow, rain, record-breaking warmth, wind, cold — all these have been crowded into one short week.

It has been a good week at the Inn, generally speaking. We are reminded of warm spring days on the farm: the flies seemed to appear from nowhere and buzz merrily around as tho

January 16, 1932 - continued.

they were "in training" for the hotter weather to come. Just so the people turned out on the warm days this week, asking to be taken thru the Sun or inquiring the prices of meals. The wide front door swung invitingly open and the question, "What is it, please?" frequently met us. Of course it brought forth the answer each time: "That was used for sticking corn."

In another week we shall be welcoming back the Universalist ministers as they come for their annual "Retreat." Soon it will be Easter and planting-time, — and then summer again. To see Mr. Lee, our gardener, poring over seed catalogs, makes one realize that, as one man put it: "The back-bone of winter is broken."

Anne Dickerson.
1/16/32.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1932. PERFECT SPRING WEATHER.

After an absence of more than eleven months the gracious wife of our "landlord" once again visited the Wayside Inn. With her were Mrs. Slicer, who is always a favorite at the Inn, Mrs. Ware, who needed no introduction to any of us, Mrs. Conant, Mrs. Hosmer, and Mrs. Hume. All too infrequent and fleeting are these visits of Mr. and Mrs. Ford - if we were not well aware of the fact that they are very busy people we should be tempted to feel neglected. As it is, we are happy to have them come whenever they can and hope it will be more often in the future.

Our guests had luncheon and dinner with us, and made some very kind and much-appreciated remarks about the flowers throughout the house, as well as the joy they felt in being at the Inn.

A captain of one of Mr. Ford's boats, the Lake Wenbaw, was also a guest during the afternoon. This was Captain O'Sullivan, and he, like most of our visitors, expressed a liking for the Inn.

Tuesday, January 19, 1932. Colder.

Tho to-day was absurdly unlike what a real January day ought to be, it was nearer the requirements than the past few days have been, for it was colder and more "snappy." The bright sunshine, however, gave the same spring-like touch that we have been experiencing every day for a week or more.

This morning a Mrs. Wright came to the Inn with four boys and two girls from the Haskell School of Cambridge, (Mass.), and seemed to enjoy the house fully as much as the children did. The youngsters were all from the sixth grade and were a normal group: inquisitive and full of life as is to be expected.

A short visit to the market revealed the fact that there was business being carried on there. The space in front of the building was generously filled with cars, and the grocery department on the first floor had twenty-five customers when we entered.

Upstairs it was the same story: twenty-two people (not all of them women, either!) were looking about, asking

January 19 continued

questions, inquiring prices, or quietly examining articles as they waited for their purchases to be wrapped. Some were contentedly munching apples from the large bowl on the table before the fireplace.

All in all, the market presented a busy spectacle and we enjoyed our visit, tho our own purchase amounted to but one dollar.

Wednesday, January 20, 1932. Nina.

"Back of the Grist-Mill." — Nilsen

Unless we have snow pretty soon, this winter will be very nearly a total loss, as far as reasonable weather is concerned. The boys are rapidly giving up hope of a winter carnival such as we had last year, and many small brothers and sisters bemoan the lack of snow in which to try out Christmas sleds.

Just about noon today two men came to see us to learn, if possible, a bit about our method of "carrying on." They came from the Williamsburg, Virginia, work which is being

January 20 - continued:

carried on by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Well do we recall the visit to the Inn of Mr. Rockefeller. It was in the spring of 1930, and his name in our special register, as well as the very nice letter he wrote, bath his and his interest in the Tavern at Sudbury. Naturally, then, we were happy to welcome Mr. Babcock and Mr. Egar, his representatives, to the Inn.

A "chicken-dinner-birthday-party" was held last night in honor of the eighteenth birthday of a young Brookline (Mass.) boy. Seven people helped him celebrate, and their signatures in the guest-book bore out the fact that "B.F.H. was 'some boy.'" A well known family in business and social circles, they chose the Inn as the most desirable place to keep "B.F.H." to celebrate.

Mr. Ramsdell brought his three-day visit to a close today and left for the automobile city.

Thursday, January 21, 1932. Sun; clouds; — snow.

The raw, December-like day brought us snow as the afternoon drew to a close. The sun, which, in the morning, shone brightly enough for picture-taking, was completely hidden at three o'clock; soon the ground showed patches of white and the darkness came on swiftly.

To us, the picture below is an interesting one, showing, as it does, an activity not often beheld or carried on in this day and age. The oil lamps in front of the [illegible] are kept shining and trimmed at all times. We are reminded of the old hymn which admonishes

January 15, 1932.

January 21 - continued

a brother to trim his feeble lamp lest "some poor sailor, tempest tossed, trying hard to make the harbor, in the darkness may be lost."

Just as the chance visitor to the Inn might miss it entirely were it not for the yellow glow of our kerosene lamps, which thus serve a very definite need as well as furnishing the "atmosphere" about which so many of our guests speak.

Friday, January 22, 1932. Rain.

Again some English — decidedly English — people came to see us. Two actresses and an actor from "The Good Companions" Company had luncheon and "tarried a bit" after they had eaten. We were in the large ball-room trying to coax some Chopin out of fingers sadly in need of practice when these actor people came up and wished to know if our piano were an old Steinway. It seems that they have one almost identical in looks with our sixty-year old Chickering; but theirs is a Steinway with carving a "wee bit different," as one of the ladies expressed it.

Assembly in the large dining room with an added novelty of motion pictures of our New Year's Eve Party, wherein several saw themselves as "others see them," brought the day to a close; and a new leaf was turned in the guest book, in readiness for tomorrow's visitors.

January 23, 1932 - Saturday — Rainy.

The caption under the picture shown above was: "The Wheels Start Rolling." It was on a spring day in 1893 that the first Ford faced forth and blazed the way for the millions which have come after it. It was, in a measure, responsible for a great deal of the happiness and joy

January 23 continued.

which have come into the lives and homes of people all over the country — all over the world, in fact — during the last generation and a half.

The above was written some time ago, but a glance at one of the Boston evening papers disclosed a whole page devoted to an attempt to convince its readers that everyone can — and should — own an automobile. No particular kind was advised or even mentioned, but from beginning to end the message was clear: "It is your duty as an American citizen to own a car."

The following clipping is in striking contrast to conditions which many of us (not very old, either) can distinctly remember as being connected with the early days of motoring.

> It is not the slightest exaggeration to say that with an automobile of moderate price today, you may leave Boston with your family, drive to Seattle, down to San Diego, back through New Orleans, and not once change a tire, or lift the hood from your engine.
>
> Water added to the radiator once or twice, oil and gasoline in proportion to mileage, both so cheap that it is a disaster for the oil company, with comfortable stopping places along every road, and GOOD ROADS EVERYWHERE. Such is the marvelous "paradise" for automobile drivers that engineering genius and good roads combined have created within a few years.

January 23 - concluded.

When the wheels started rolling they started a new "modus vivendi," as it were: people thought faster, moved faster, became more alert than they were in the "horse-drawn age"; it became an age of machinery and speed which has not yet reached the zenith of its activity.

Anne Dickerson
1/23/32.

Sunday, January 24, 1932. Perfect.

Arriving in weather so perfect that it might well put April to shame, Doctors Tomlinson and Hammatt reached the Inn for the thirtieth annual retreat of Universalist ministers at one o'clock today. Needless to say, they were the first arrivals.

In the morning a group of Inn people went to Worcester to Dr. Tomlinson's church and heard a fine service. This group, upon returning to the Inn, enjoyed the old kitchen dinner at half past one, at which time they were joined by a few others.

This was a turkey dinner, and it was the first time an "old kitchen" dinner had been served to the clergymen in the daytime, the others all taking place in the evening. The following were present at this meal:

Dr. Tomlinson
Dr. Hammatt
Mr. Bayer
Mrs. Bayer
Mrs. Poole
Mrs. Bennett
Mrs. Harris
Miss Allen

January 24 - continued.

All during the afternoon the "boys" kept coming; and as each one entered the front hall he was greeted with a lusty cheer from those who had arrived earlier. Informality, as is always the case at these gatherings, was the keynote of the whole affair: dignified looking men slapped each other on the back with the vigor and enthusiasm of school-boys, and each one seemed to be known by his Christian name only.

When the guests assembled for supper in the candle-lighted old dining room, the number had increased materially. Instead of two clergymen, as at dinner, there were eleven; and where there had been six of the "run people" there were now seven:

Dr. Sykes
Dr. Hammatt
Dr. Tomlinson
Dr. Fred Leining
Dr. Fischer
Dr. Mc Collester
Dr. Colbion
Dr. Perkins
Dr. Gray
Dr. Van Schaick
Dr. Etz

January 24 - continued.

Mr. Bayer
Mrs. Bayer
Miss Alice Bayer
Miss Dickerson
Miss Allen
Mrs. Page
Mr. Campbell

It was a most enjoyable meal; everyone was in high good spirits, and a cross-section of the conversation might prove interesting. One man claimed that by buying a new pipe he had materially aided the gathering! (To tell the truth, his old pipe was strong enough to recall it from last year!) Another told of some land deals; some one else was discussing the comparative saturality of tea and coffee; a fourth dilated upon the goodness of the fun cider, while still another related amusing anecdotes of his career as a clergyman.

We must not omit mention of the short visit of Miss Dorothy Bayer who was christened at the 1930 retreat, nor of Miss Betty's and Master Billy Bayer's visits.

After supper came more talk; "and so to bed."

Monday, January 25, 1932. Perfect.

The Retreat was in full swing when we reached the Inn at noon today. During the day the following men arrived and duly inscribed their names in our guest book: Dr. Perkins, Dr. Ellenwood, Dr. Huntley, Dr. Cowing, Dr. Couden, Dr. Coons, Dr. G. H. Leining, and Dr. Cary, who is the guest of the retreat and who gave his address as Tokyo, Japan. Twenty names all told thus far — a "goodly number."

Twelve hungry appetites were appeased by our New England breakfast, but at one o'clock we saw the same twelve gathered about the table for lunch, with appetites not one whit less keen than they were earlier in the day! Possibly it was the perfection of the day, possibly the associations, possibly the good food; but, at any rate, the men were hungry and we were glad.

Dinner was served at six-thirty at a flower-laden table which extended the length of the old dining room. Pictures were taken during the meal, and no doubt they will prove interesting.

A regular feature of these gatherings since their inception in 1903 has been the "Twilight

January 25th continued:

Hour." At four o'clock the men gathered in the old kitchen and held a service of song and prayer, listening to the messages from some of their number which will mean so much to them during the coming year.

Eight o'clock saw the entire group assembled in the Longfellow Dining Room to "do honor" to the 30th Annual Retreat of Universalist Ministers. As invited guests were seated at the long table, including the Radio Broadcasting Party, we were being dinner guests of the group. The past history of the Retreat was recited by "Frater" Tomlinson; "Frater" Albion acted as master of ceremonies; "Frater" Fritz, the Scribe of the group, read a portion of the records of past years, and gave some of the "high-lights" of the past thirty years; and "Frater" Perkins read a poem written to - and for - the group by "Frater" Hall.

As guest artist at the Retreat Mrs. Stella Marie Cushing appeared with her violin. At the twenty-fifth anniversary Mrs. Cushing was present and played a number written by Ole Bull, the "musician" of the "Tales." She played the same number tonight at this, the thirtieth anniversary, as we passed-

January 25 - continued.

(

oral other well-chosen selections; Mrs. Evans accompanied her most ably, and her piano playing formed part of a well-blended whole.

Mrs. Cushing (Stella Mark) is well known in and about Boston for her costume recitals of Czecho-Slavakian songs and violin selections. She sings with an exceptionally strong, broad tone, and is particularly good in melodies by the Czech composers. Her singing voice is pleasing, and her whole personality is one of enthusiasm and love for our work.

Mr. Campbell ("our" Mr. Campbell, of the Dawn and Page School) spoke briefly on the dawn and the dark being done here; and following the program he showed several motion picture reels of interest to the assembled group. Two were of the "Fraters" at their gathering four years ago, and there were some of more recent dates of the Dawn folks.

The next thing "in the offing" for our guests is the annual "spelling bee," to be held tomorrow night. All were invited, and from reports, all intend to be present.

January 25 - continued.

Composed
by
Frater Hall

I was asked to be the poet-laureate,
On this memorable occasion in retreat;
I was urged to make a rhyme,
It need not be sublime,
Something funny — not too funny — bright and neat.

But as I thought about it,
My conscience seemed to doubt it
W ould be the proper thing for one like me,
A man of learning large, and dignity
To minister to mirth and cheap frivolity.

So I finally decided, and by the thought abided,
That I would preach a sermon to you men;
That is really what you need, not jokes, but thought indeed,
That you may ponder on and maybe preach again.

The text? Well you all know it; one every preacher knows,
But as Paul was not a poet we must drop back into prose.

The good that I would I do not,
The evil that I would not that I do,
But if I do that I would not,
Even tho I know I should not,
It is no more I that do it,
However I may rue it,
But sin that dwelleth in me is the goat.

Read by Frater Perkins
at 30th Annual
Retreat
of Universalist Ministers
at
The Wayside Inn
Jan. 24-27.
(Jan. 25, 1932)

January 25 - continued.

The late Apostle Paul,
Long after Adam's fall,
Was sure he had a double personality;
His mother named him Saul,
Boys called him Parasol,
And that's how he discovered the reality.

Of two selves in one skin,
One Paul, the other Sin;
For Paul was always gentle, mild and kind;
But when boys would begin
To heckle, then would Sin
Put naughty, naughty thoughts in poor Saul's mind.

Sin would rip and snort and cuss
And do things even wuss,
He'd chuck bricks at 'em, bang! bum! bin!
Imagine what a muss
Was raised by all this fuss.
But it wasn't Paul that did it, it was Sin.

Now to bring things up to date,
Before it gets too late,
There are also two of you and two of me;
There are two Jim Albions,
Two Vincent Tomlinsons,
Two Richard Eddy Sykes, B. D., D. D.

Let Vincent slice a ball,
And watch it's zig-zag fall
Away off in the woods behind a tree,
Does he stand still a while
And murmur with a smile,
"Tut-tut", "Alas", and "Deary, deary me." ?

Nay. He grabs hold of his mashie
And in he goes, crash, crashie
You wouldn't know our mild and gentle Vin.
In fact it is not he
Uttering words behind that tree,
It's not angelic Tommy; it is Sin.

I once heard Albert Hammatt
Say, right out loud, "Now damn it," (Whisper)
But that's not the way he said it, not at all;
I knew he would repent it,
Though he spoke as though he meant it.
Sin tripped poor Albert Hammatt for a fall.

When Roger Etz, D. D.
Was stung by a bumble bee
In the middle of his favorite peroration -
Well, the Bible on the desk
Has been rebound, I guess,
Sin knocked the cover off in his elation.

January 25- continued.

And there's Gustavus Leining
Who is weeping and repining
Because one day he smoked a big cigar;
But let me tell you, Gus,
You need not make a fuss,
Just lay it onto Sin, that's better far.

When John has indigestion
From certain indiscretion,
In mingling pie with pork and things akin,
Does he rip and roar and groan,
Does he sigh and sob and moan?
Nay. That isn't gentle Johnnie. That is Sin.

For there sits dear old Van
As happy as a clam
Writing all about the loveliness of love.
When Sin gives him a poke
In the tummick, (That's no joke)
Then he grabs a red-hot poker from the stove,

And he brands in letters black
A cruel, hard attack
On Tomlinson or Hall to make him quiver.
He really does not mean him,
But his best friend, he will bean him
When Sin bangs John in the basket or the liver.

So I might further go,
Stand all fraters in a row,
But I fear I could not stop should I begin,
If one should sauce his mother,
Or bust his younger brother,
You must not blame the frater; charge to Sin.

So let's give a cheer for Sin
The cuss that lives within;
He's a mighty good friend to us, all the same.
It's great comfort to a chap,
Not to give a blooming rap
But cry, "I didn't do it! Sin's to blame! "

Tuesday, January 26, 1932. Perfect.

Another day, more perfect seemingly, than those preceding it, made this an ideal one for picture-taking. Five cameras were leveled at the men, and the victims "shot" in various poses and positions. Two of the cameras were of the "movie" type, and good results are to be hoped for.

The list of men registering for the Retreat is as follows:

Dr. Albion
Dr. Brooks
X Dr. Cary
Dr. Coons
Dr. Cauden
Dr. Caving
Dr. Ellenwood
Dr. Ely
Dr. Fischer
Dr. Gray
Dr. Hammatt
Dr. Huntley
Dr. Leighton
Dr. Fred Leining
Dr. G. H. Leining
Dr. Lowe
Dr. Mc Collester
Dr. Perkins
Dr. Rose
Dr. Sykes
Dr. Tomlinson
Dr. Van Schaick

1132

January 26- continued.

The spelling bee was, of course, the big event of the day. Twenty-seven chairs ranged around the parlor, and twenty-seven participants in this, the thirtieth annual "bee" of these interesting men, made of it an absorbing event. On a table in the center of the room reposed an innocent-looking volume, the authority of the evening: Webster's dictionary!

Until quarter of ten the tests of intellect went on, and many were the surprised folk who suddenly found themselves taking a walk to the chair at the end of the line, as they unwittingly ended a word (a fatal offense!) or misspelled one.

Following the spelling, the party crossed the hall to the barroom, where various men entertained with stories, readings, and poems, one of which is enclosed with this chronicle. (We might give it a sub-title: "A Little Nonsense Now and Then.")

One or two of the men slipped quietly away after the "bee" - a reminder of what will happen on the morrow.

January 26

THE LEGEND OF INSTANT POSTUM

In the prophylactic forest
On the shores of Coca Cola
Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwam -
Old Sapolio, the Chieftain
Pebeco, the grizzled prophet,
And the warriors young and eager.

In the lodge of the old Cheiftain
With uneeda more than mother,
And Victrola, old and feeble,
Lived the warmest of the maidens, Musterole.
Musterole, Sapolio's daughter;
Musterole, the sun-kist Chicklet.
All the young men sought her favor;
Left their trophies at her wigwam;
Brought her Thermos skins for rainment,
Brought her Tarvia for ointment:
And sweet Musterole smiled on them,
Smiled on Vaseline and Pointex,
Smiled on Danderine and Jello;
Smiled, but left them unrequitted,
For her love she gave to no one;
Frigidaire alone she gave them.

Then from Multibestos Mountains,
From the tribe of Texacoes,
Came the young chief, Instant Postum,
Mightiest hunter in the forest,
All superb in strength and beauty,
He it was who trapped the Kodak;
He who shot the great Sears-Roebuck;
Shot him with his swift Pierce-Arrow.
Eversharp, his trusty hatchet,
Every arrow-head a Hot Point.

On him gazed the Moxie maidens;
Nujol poured her gleaming glances;
Bold Carbona sought to win him,
Zonite brought him luscious Pyrene;
But for Musterole yearned Postum.

Through the fields of ripe Wheatena,
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered
To the White Rock by the river,
By the rippling Cuticura.
There beneath Palm Olive shadows,
From the boughs she picked the Grape-Nuts;
There she saw the sun descending;
Naught cared Postum for the night winds
Blowing through the Hole-Proof forests;

122

January 26 - continued.

Musterole was there beside him.
To his bosom quick he drew her;
Whispering words of love a-burning;
Told her how he fought the Seal-Pax;
Told her how he'd slain Bull-Durham;
Told her how he'd trapped Amico;
Boasted of his father's tepee
With its sides of Mentholatum,
With its rugs of salt Socony.

To him, Musterole, a-quiver,
Listened, and her heart gave answer.
All the warmth of love she gave him:
All her Rubberset affection,
Gave her heart to Instant Postum.
There he wood her, there he won her.

Passed the years in quick succession:
Small Post Toasties came to bless them,
Triplets, B. V. D., Gold Dust Twins,
Little Beechnut, Wrigley, Spearmint,
Vici Kid, and Pluto Water.
These and other little toasties,
Warmly wrapped in Esmond Blankets,
Filled the wigwam with their laughter.

Read by Dr. Ellenwood.
1/26/32.

January 26 - continued.

Dr. Wallace Rose
Member of Retreat since 1929.
At the 1931 gathering he gave a most interesting illustrated lecture on "Russia."
1/26/32.

Dr. Fred Leining
The "benefactor" of the group - with his new pipe.
1/26/32

Freindly Conversation.
1/26/32.

1932

January 26 - continued.

1/26/32

Dr. Albion — Dr. Perkins — Dr. Tomlinson

Members since 1903

The entire group

Tomlinson - Fisher - Leighton - Hammatt - Etz - Huntley - Ellenwood - Cowing - G. Leining - Brooks -
Albion - Perkins - Sykes - Gray - McCollester - Couden - Lowe - F. Leining - Rose - Coons - Cary.

NOTE: Dr. Van Schaick not in group.

Wednesday, January 27, 1932. Rain; then clear.

The rain of late last night continued thru a great part of to-day; but the sun broke thru the clouds during the afternoon and we had another mild day. A touch of March was in the air, for a high wind was blowing.

After an early luncheon our visitors began, one by one, to leave us. One and all expressed the hope that we might all meet again in 1933.

From the three who have been members from the beginning as well as from the scribe of the group, we learned that this is the only year that has had no snow on the ground at "Getreat-time." The first (1903) meeting was held as a real New England blizzard raged outside the Inn, and succeeding years have either furnished storms or have supplied a generous covering of snow for the landscape. What to this year: March never found the ground more bare than it has been since these guests arrived.

One man remarked on departing that it was the first time he had had no need to wear "these" (pointing to his efficient-looking goloshes), but that he felt he had "better bring them along." Which, of

January 27—continued.

course, he had done; and the articles in question dangled from a suit-case strap as he came downstairs.

And so we bid them farewell for another year; we hope that each man may have received a bit of whatever the Inn offers: a bit which will spur him on to greater endeavor and nobler achievement; and that, when another year has passed, he may return to the same source for inspiration, fellowship, and rest.

Thursday, January 28, 1932. Sunny; cold.

"To Henry T. Baker, Esq., with sincere friendship.
Ole B. Bull."

— Such is the inscription on a portrait hanging in the lower hall of the Inn. One evening this week we came upon a distinguished appearing gentleman gazing at the picture and smilingly turning toward the lady who was with him.

The lady happened to be Mrs. Mason, and the gentleman with her was her husband, Henry Lowell Mason, patron of music and himself a musician and a member of the illustrious family which has given so much to the world of music.

"Looking at this picture," Mr. Mason mused, "reminds me of an incident of my childhood. When I was about eight years old I was studying violin, and I played, I suppose, about as well as the average youngster of that age.

"One day Ole Bull, who was a friend of the family, came to our home to see my father, and during his visit had occasion to speak to my mother on one thing or another.

"When I entered the room my mother said, 'Harry, play something on your violin.'

"So I played — 'The Bluebells of

January 28- continued.

Scotland', and Ole Bull accompanied me on the piano! As I look back on that scene I can't help smiling, and this picture brought the whole incident back to my mind.

"As a reward for my playing, the great violinist left me his autograph, which, of course, I still have in my possession."

Mr. Mason gave a talk on music some two years ago to the boys of the school, and was much pleased to find that some of them remembered hearing him.

Friday, January 29, 1932. Cold; sleet & rain.

After such perfect weather as that of the past week, it is perhaps natural that we should have a real, serious change for the worse. The change came today in the form of a cold, sharp rain that froze as soon as it touched the ground, making driving anything but a pleasure.

Skidding and sliding were the rule rather than the exception, and several cars went careening off the road, to finally come to a stop against a tree or post; or to perhaps miraculously escape contact with any stationary object.

And yet — we had a party of three come for dinner and ask if they might stay thru the night. They said (and we believe them) that they were probably the only three who were "touring" for pleasure on such a night. They were quite elated over being allowed to choose their rooms, and said they hoped the ghosts of former years would not be for them. (The only "ghosts" we've ever heard have been mice or perhaps a restless squirrel or two that pat-pattered over the shingles).

As a guest one noon this week we had a party of five — Ex-governor Sloan & Fuller's party. Who they were "unheralded and unsung", so to speak, the sharp eyes of one

January 29 — continued.

of the waitresses discovered their identity and passed the news along for these pages.

After the "tumult and the shouting" of the early part of the week, the "mid-winter calm and solitude of the old Inn are the more noticeable: the bar-room seems a bit wistful with its empty chairs, tho their arms seem beckoning to all who will to "come and sit awhile".

Monday, February 1, 1932. Cold, windy.

Judging by its beginning, February may redeem the reputation of a good old New England winter. The mercury has scuttled below the ~~zero~~ freezing point, apparently for a stay.

The Inn was very quiet today, guests being very few. At nine or so in the evening Mrs. Spicer arrived with her nephew.

L. T.

Tuesday, February 2, 1932. Snow.

Snow fell intermittently during the day. The hostess cottage has been re-opened and Mrs. Spicer has moved into it. She is with Miss Herrigan at the General Store.

In the afternoon two Chinese students visited us. They seemed to be in a great hurry but wished to see as much of the Inn as possible in a few seconds. They looked hastily thru the rooms on the first floor and then ran pell mell down the walk, out to their car, and speeded away.

There were a few people in to lunch and dinner, but very few to see the Inn.

— L. T.

Wednesday, February 3, 1932. Warmer.

The thermometer shows several degrees more warmth than in the last few days, but the penetrating rawness makes the cold more noticeable.

A group of seven pupils from Bigelow High School (Newton, Mass.) visited us. Each school group has a distinct personality of its own. This group was most pleasing. It was most attentive and took an active interest in all features. We are always glad to welcome such a group. This difference seems to be due to the personalities of the teachers in charge.

Miss Frances Bryant and Miss Betty Wallace arrived today from Radcliffe to spend a few days in rest and recreation after the toil of the mid-year examinations.

Miss Bryant is the niece of our landlady, and is always a welcome guest at the Inn. We have a secret feeling that Miss Frances is a bit lonesome for home, and that the Inn seems a good substitute!

L. T.

Thursday, February 4, 1932. Raw.

To-day started cold and raw. Before night, snow had

February 4 continued.

commenced to fall, later developing into a regular blizzard.

In the evening several young college students came to the Inn for dinner. Many of these young people were staying on at school during the mid-year recess, their homes being too far away to make the trip profitable for so short a visit.

L. Towne
2/1 - 2/4/32.

Friday, February 5, 1932. Sunny.

Where are the skeptics who said were not to have any winter this year, that there would be no snow? The perfect sight of a white world which greeted us this morning will long linger in our memories. Though we have seen the Inn in winter garb for several seasons, each new snow-covered appearance seems more gorgeous than the last, and we are certain that the light and shadows on the snow are deeper with each storm which comes to us.

Our two house-guests - Miss Bryant and Miss Wallace - seemed to find enjoyment in the snow-shoeing and in tramping thru the dazzling drifts.

The Southwest and Redstone Schools, somewhat smaller by reason of several absences, "combined forces" during part of the dancing class this afternoon, much to the joy of the little folks who gazed with admiring eyes upon their older brothers and sisters.

Again we had a visit from the gentleman who, a week or so ago, expressed such disappointment over the fact that the "Inn has been so renovated that the light from the cellar doesn't show thru the cracks in the

February 5 - continued.

hall floor", and who heaved such a pleased sigh of relief when he found that he could still see the light thru the cracks - provided the light was turned on in the cellar at the time!

Saturday, February 6, 1932. Cold.

A hint of more snow was in the air this morning as the inn opened its door to the early morning workers. Later, however, a watery sun broke thru the low-hanging clouds and we gave up hope of a snow storm.

A party of nine for luncheon and another for seven gave the small dining room quite a holiday appearance for a while; and a group of six celebrating the birthday of one of their number enjoyed the privilege of dancing in the ball-room to the music of the Victrola.

Seven girls from Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., went thru the building and seemed not at all anxious to leave. A young man and woman-frequent visitors - came for the express purpose of snow-shoeing. Often this pair comes to see us on Saturday afternoons, hiking for several hours and then "breezing" into the bar-room to chat a bit before going to the old dining room for their chicken or steak, as the case may be. To-day the girl appeared in some gorgeous ski-"pants" of brilliant orange, and when last seen, she was "headin' west."

Journal.

Naples Inn.

February 8 — 13, 1932.

Monday, February 8, 1932. Snow; rain; sun.

~ BAR-ROOM ~

1/32.

Our good and unfailing friend, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, informs us that a bar-room is a "room in which liquor is sold over a counter." We shade that definition somewhat, however, in describing our bar-room, and say that it is a "room in which liquor was sold over a counter." It most decidedly is not sold now!

The hutch table in the center of the room is always the cause of comment on the part of newcomers to the Inn. "How can they ever hide in there?" "What d'you suppose was kept in there?" and many other questions are hurled at the "guides" (perish the word!) as they tell the story of the Inn.

On looking thru some of the files we came upon the following composition which

February 8 - continued.

was written in June, 1929, by a pupil of a Newburyport, (Mass.), school.

"The Old Bar Room."

"We are now entering Longfellow's Wayside Inn. This Inn and the things in it are 245 years old. The first room we go into is the bar room. 1/4 of the room is taken up by a box-like thing. It is here that the people come" (evidently a slip of the young lady's pen: we hope she meant "came", not "come"!) "to get their drinks. In the middle of the room is an old table. In fact, it is so old it has a patch in it. Its drawer does not open like ours do. Instead, the table top slides off and discloses a drawer." (This was in the days before Aug., 1930, when the table top was hinged so it could not "slide"). "Near the bar, hung on the wall, is an old bucket in which Coolidge's great-great grandfather gathered sap in. On another side of the room is a great fireplace. Hung above it, is a gun, a powder horn and a canteen. Also hanging near was a warming pan in which they put live coals and warmed their beds. Beside that was a

February 8 continued.

little foot stove which the Pilgrims carried to church with them to rest their feet. And as the sermon sometimes lasted 3 hours it came in handy. Near the fire-place, was a little pair of boots which some child wore.

"They had to have a block of wood with figures carved out. On another piece, was the places carved that weren't carved on the other. This was used to make their wall-paper in blocks. In the bar-room the wall has no paper but is plain wood."

We wager that there are but few of the rank and file of adult visitors who can write as detailed and accurate an account as did this little sixth or seventh grader in 1929. We are often reminded, as we watch people going thru the building, of the Biblical sentence: "Eyes have they, but they see not." Not so with children, however; they see everything.

There may be compositions in other rooms in the Inn—we shall look for them and, if possible, use them.

Tuesday, February 9, 1932. Clear; cold.

The Longfellow Parlor is, perhaps, the room which interests the general public more than any other. It was here that the kindred spirits of the "Tales" are supposed to have gathered and where there are so many objects to remind the present day visitor of those justly famous poems which the "kindred souls" supposedly recited.

But let us look at the parlor thru the eyes of one of the Newburyport youngsters who came to see the Inn in 1929. Her offering is entitled:

"The Parlor of the Wayside Inn."

PARLOR 1/32.

"The name of this Inn was Longfellow's Wayside Inn. They call this Longfellow's Wayside Inn because his tales came from there. "Now we are

February 9- continued.

going to talk about the parlor. First there is a piano. This piano is an old, old piano. Every room had a fire place. There is a desk in the parlor, too. On the wall are some pictures of some of the people that came to the Inn to stay over night. In the center of the room is a table. On this table is a lamp.

"Our class was so delighted to come to this Inn that when they got into it they could hardly wait till they got into the next room. I myself was very glad that I could get into the Wayside Inn to see the wonderful things in it.

"We also saw two panes of glass set in frames with writing on them. Over the fireplace we saw the Howes coat of arms.

"In the olden times, when anybody had a diamond ring they used to go around scratching on the window panes with the stone to prove that it was a real diamond.

"Then we saw a report card set in a frame with the boy's name on it which was Master Howe. We saw an old Grandfather clock which was used in Tales of a Wayside Inn with the firelight flickering on its face."

Wednesday, February 10, 1932. Snow.

Today's offering in the form of a composition from the Newburyport group which visited the Inn in 1929 is called: "The Bedrooms in Longfellow's Wayside Inn."

1/32.

LONGFELLOW ROOM.

"In the Wayside Inn there is a room which is called the Washington Room. People do not know whether Washington ever slept in this room. They call it the Washington Room because Washington rested there. In the Washington Room there are many old pieces of furniture, such as a box where the family kept their Bible. There is a fire bucket, which the family used when there was a fire. In the Washington Room there is a bucket which belonged to a la-

February 10 - continued.

dy in Newton.

"There is an old piece of furniture called a highboy..... ..... In top of this highboy there is a large hat box. Inside there is a tall black silk hat worn by a man at his wedding.

"The Lafayette Room is where Lafayette really slept. Under the bed in which he slept is a cradle in which the baby slept. A little room went off of the Lafayette Room which was called the servant's room, where Lafayette's servant slept when he came with Lafayette. In the Lafayette Room is block wall paper, printed on wood and put on in form of blocks.

"The next room is the new Edison Room which was all fixed up just recently. The new Edison Room has many rare pieces of furniture.

"Among the rare pieces of furniture in the Longfellow Room was the Benj. Franklin stove which Benj. Franklin invented." ---------

And thus endeth the discourse on the "bedrooms of the Wayside Inn."

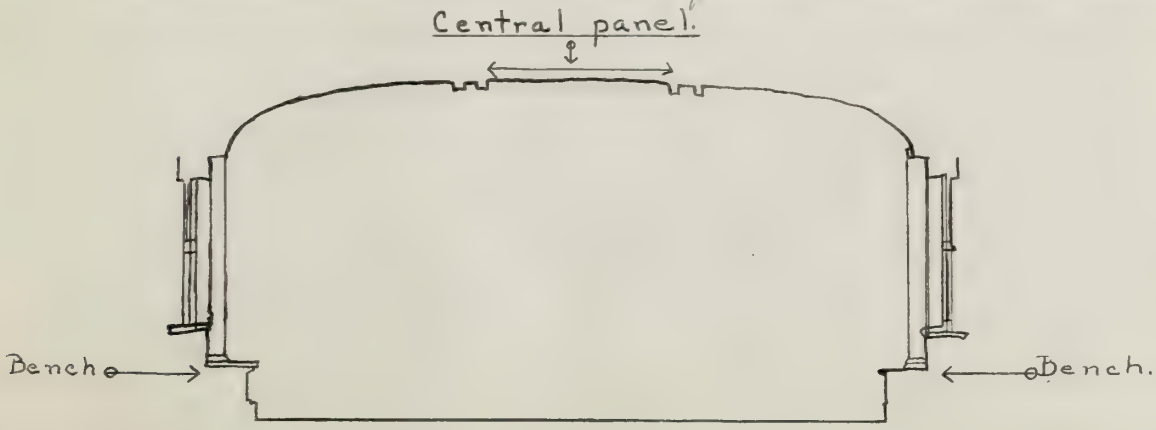
Thursday, February 11, 1932. Rain, freezing as it fell.

The ballrooms of the Inn offer opportunities galore for the casual visitor to sit and "muse on a bygone day." It is easy to imagine gay times when one is in the setting, as it were, of the times themselves; and to loiter in the old ballroom with its vaulted, black-panel ceiling is to invite all sorts of romantic fancies to come trouping to mind.

It remains for one of the "Newburyport" group to give a naïve, up-to-date interpretation of the reason for the building of the large ballroom at the rear of the Inn. To quote a radio announcer: "Just listen":

"The old fashioned ball-room is where they used to have old-fashion dances."

"Now they have built a new ball-room because of the old floors and ceilings in the other ball-room. They were a-fraid that



Silhouette section thru small ballroom showing curve of ceiling up to the central panel. Note low benches.

February 11 - continued.

the floors might go thru. Mr. Ford has built a new one where they hold their old-fashion dances and parties. "In the old-fashioned ball-room meetings are often held." Mr. Ford has a hard wood floor, with white seats all around the room. This room has been built just about a year." (1929).

1776

Friday, February 12, 1932.

The old kitchen at the Inn furnishes material enough for a conversation as long as one cares to make it. Little Miss Priscilla Lunt, who came with the Newburyport school group, had no difficulty in finding material for her composition on this particular room, for she filled three sheets of paper with very fine writing. The quote in part:

"As we enter the old kitchen we see an old fireplace, with many things on top. For one thing there is something that looks like a pistol. It is a candle-lighter. You pull a trigger and it gives a spark. This was used in the old days, but some people might find it convenient to use them to-day.

RUSH-LIGHT with candle.

"There are also many kinds of bread toasters. I remembered the story of the lady who went to India. She thought she would like to go into the kitchen of the hotel. She went in and there she found a boy sitting up to the fire, with slices of bread sticking thru each toe. This bread was toasting.

"They also baked meat. The meat went around

February 12th. continued:

on a round stick. This stick was run by a spit-turner. There was a weight attached to this turner by a strong cord. The rope was tightened and the weight was pulled up in the air.

"Then the weight would unwind the rope and the spit would turn. The iron rod turned around, taking the meat with it. It was then browned on both sides."

..... "On one side of this room was an old wooden table. It was set with wooden dishes, with a fork at each plate. The forks only had two points. She wondered if the lady was fooling when she said peas were served with these forks."

"A small coal-stove stood by the fire-place. The pilgrims stood in church and then went to the stove for warmth."

She goes on to comment on the thing people had in days gone by for "waffels," and explains how the "doe" was put in to a "thing that looked like a shovel."

And so we end our little series of "talks" on rooms in the Inn - "talks" written by youthful guests, but guests who were very observing, to say the least.

February 12th. continued:

on a round stick. This stick was run by a spit-turner. There was a weight attached to this turner by a strong cord. The rope was tightened and the weight was pulled up in the air.

"Then the weight would unwind the rope and the spit would turn. The iron rod turned around taking the meat with it. It was then browned on both sides."

..... "On one side of this room was an old wooden table. It was set with wooden dishes, with a fork at each plate. The forks only had two points. She wondered if the lady was joking when she said peas were served with these forks."

"A small coal-stove stood by the fire-place. The Pilgrims stood in church and then used the stove for warmth."

She goes on to comment on the "King Cake" had in days gone by for "waffels," and explains how the "doe" was put into a "thing that looked like a bowl."

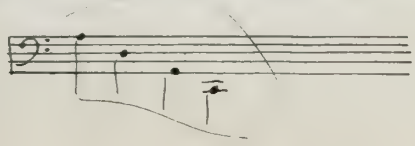
And so we end our little series of "Talks" on rooms in the Inn - "talks" written by youthful guests, but guests who were very observing, to say the least.

Saturday, February 13, 1932. Springlike.

A week of weather which had variety enough to make it worthy of comment ended today with a day as perfect — overhead — as one could possibly desire. Snow, rain, and sun greeted us on Monday; Tuesday was bright and cold; Wednesday brought forth more rain and snow, with some of the worst driving weather known to this section; Thursday was simply a continuation of the weather of the day before, and Friday and Saturday were mild and balmy, tho this very fact made for unpleasantness for anyone venturing abroad on foot.

The first day was unusual in that until seven-thirty in the evening there were no dinner, tea, or luncheon guests, and no visitors who paid to go thru the Inn; in fact, the only people to go thru the house were two who went thru as guests of the Boys School.

Honeymooners came to us on Tuesday, and on Wednesday a man from Chicago signed our guest book in an unusual way: He decided that he must be a 'celist — possibly from



February 13- continued.

the Chicago Symphony Orchestra- for his name seemed vaguely familiar, somehow.

This was the night that saw a great many accidents because of the bad driving conditions. A fine moisture, not enough to be called a mist, clung to the windshields and froze into solid ice, making it impossible for one to see even a short distance ahead. Forty miles in two hours was the distance covered and the time consumed by one of the hostesses.

February 5, 1932

Today was quite the reverse of Monday when there were no guests in the dining room all day, for a half-past

Miss Frances Bryant & Miss Betty Wallace - Radcliffe Students & our Guests During Week of Feb. 1-6.

February 13 - continued.

one there had been forty-six people served or being served. He noted several parties of four or more: one, a group of ten men from a Worcester concern; and a group of six and another of seven were observed eagerly awaiting their call to the dining room.

And so another week passes and goes to join its fellows and become history; and the Inn goes on as it has been doing these two centuries and a half.

June Dickerson
2/13/32.

Rapide Inn Journal

February 15 — 20, 1932.

Monday, February 15, 1932. Colder

The Alpha Omicron Pi (AOΠ) Sorority of Jackson (Tufts) College had a "rushing" party at the Inn on Saturday. There were about thirty-five in the group; and the president of the sorority this year is Winifred Blackmer, a girl who worked here in our kitchen one summer. She is a South Sudbury girl, a senior at Tufts, and evidently was the means of the group coming here.

To-day brought a new resident hostess in the form of Mrs. Clara H. Bradbury, of Milton, Mass. Mrs. Bradbury was for two years assistant hostess at the Girls' Club House at the University of Chicago, and because of this experience we feel she will be a capable worker here at the Wayside Inn.

But the lady herself does not seem to feel that she has done a great deal. To quote her: "The biggest thing I've done is to raise a family and see each child thru music lessons and all the rest of it; and now they're all married." What better record could any one wish?

So we welcome Mrs. Bradbury to our hostess staff, where, unless we are much mistaken, she will "fit in" very well in-

February 15 - continued.

deed.

VANNI-MARCOUX

A tall, most attractive woman entered the bar-room calling over her shoulder to friends in the hall, "Do you wish tea, coffee, chocolate, or milk?"

This question was asked in French, so it naturally caused us to glance up from our work. The speaker, we saw at once, was the wife of a former governor of our state — Mrs. Alvin Tufts Fuller, or, as she signs herself, Viola D. Fuller.

Mrs. Fuller, as Viola Davenport, spent some little time abroad in the study of the Opera, and has a most pleasing voice. Her marriage to Mr. Fuller was the cause of her forsaking an operatic career for that of a home-maker and mother — a role she fills most beautifully.

Her guests at the Inn to-day were Mr. and Madame Vanni-Marcoux and Mr. L. B. Hartwell, a dealer in antiques.

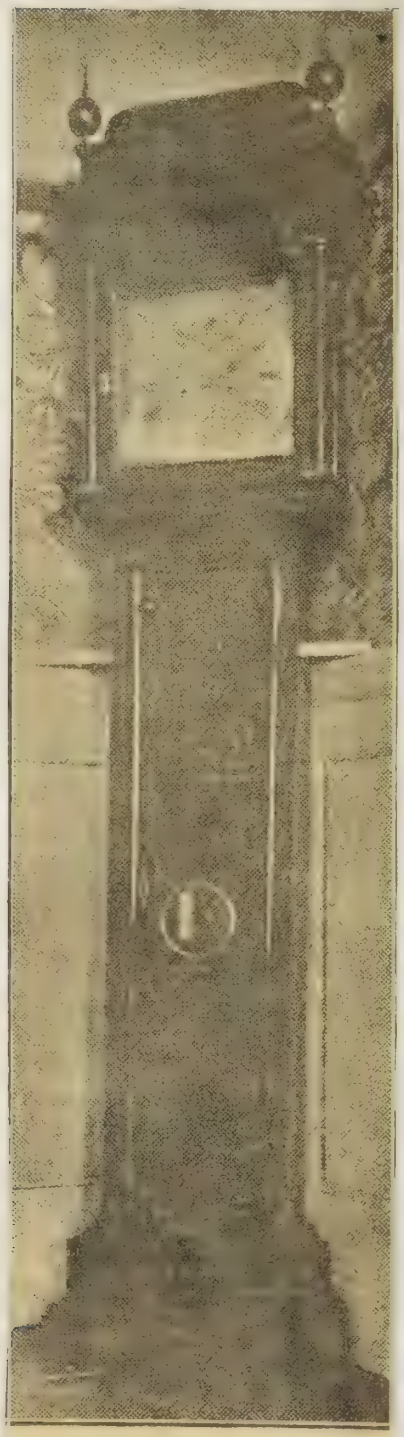
Monsieur Vanni-Marcoux is a member of the Chicago Civic Opera Company which recently completed its annual fortnight's appearance in Boston. He sang in the following operas: "Boris Godunov", "The Barber of Seville", and "Tosca".

February 15 continued.

"When you look at me you are looking at a globe-trotter. I've been on every continent but Australia — I have crossed the Atlantic seven times."

This was the remark addressed — without warning — to the hostess on duty this afternoon. Looking up, she beheld a venerable, bewhiskered man who proved to be quite entertaining as time went on. With him was the writer of children's stories — Alice Cooper Bailey — and she, like our other guests, was an interested listener to all the hostess had to relate.

Tuesday, February 16, 1932. Cold.



(Courtesy of Wallace Nutting's "The Clock Book")
Over Two Centuries Old, at the Wayside Inn

(Boston Transcript-Dec. 30, 1931).

Clocks, whether we realize and admit it or not, are objects of great interest to each and every one of us. We may not care a straw about "grandfather" and "grandmother" clocks; and antiques — as such — may bore us to extinction; but an old clock, one that still "goes", is a link with the past which even the most hardened "anti" must acknowledge.

On New Year's Day, at noon, the clock which for years told George Washington the time and which belonged to Mary Washington, was heard over a broadcasting network, officially opening the bicentennial celebration

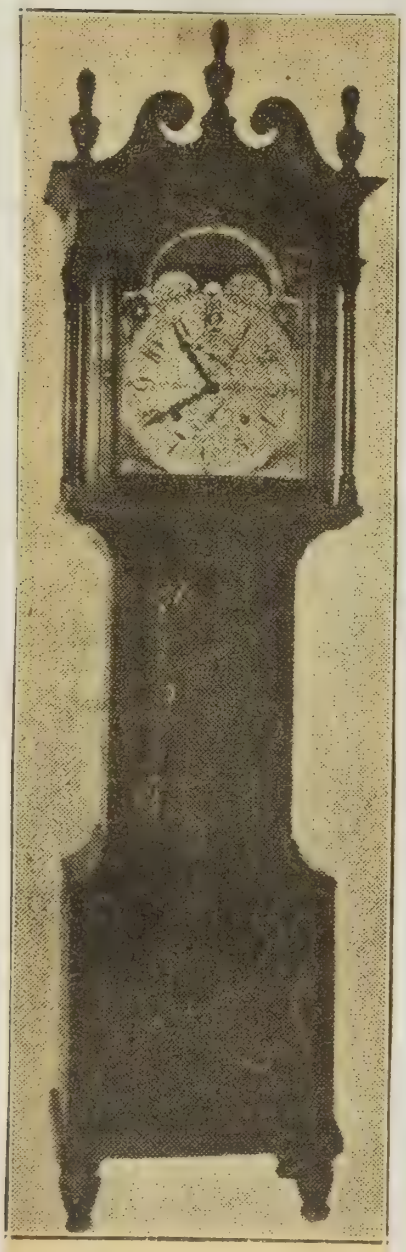
of the birth of Washington.

Our own 1710 clock in the parlor of the Inn is still "going strong", and from appearances will tick off many more minutes before its mechanism runs down for the last time. Its very obliging manner of telling the day of the month as well as the hour of the day is a noteworthy feature; and we land the London maker (Faulkner) who, perhaps purposely, neglected to put the moon and stars on the clock, thereby detracting from its dignified simplicity while not adding a particle to its beauty.

It may surprise and amuse some to learn that there are still numerous towns — particularly throughout New England — where "curfew" rings each night and where it is the custom to put the children to bed when the sound of the bell is heard. We have in mind one town, less than fifteen miles from the heart of Boston, where this old custom still prevails. It would seem that the steeple clocks in instances such as these were being put to a double task; as tho telling the time were not enough!

A companion — tho not near —

February 16 - concluded?



Grandmother's Clock, Small and Fine Like Herself

[Boston Transcript - 12/30/31]

ly as commonly seen as the grandfather variety - is the grandmother clock. Smaller and more dainty, there are said to be but few genuine "grandmothers" in existence.

Wooden works or brass, mahogany or sombre lacquer finish, - each of these clocks has a story and it is the fascinating work of the historian to burrow into the old records and ferret out the legend of each one.

We take exception to the statement of the author of "The One Hoss Shay" that - there's nothing that keeps its youth ..... --- but a tree and truth, for the ticking of these bi-centenarians is as youthful and vigorous as in the days when they were newly made.

Wednesday, February 17, 1932. Snow, rain.

Universalist Minister at Tremont Temple

Rev. F. W. Perkins, D. D., of Washington Is Noonday Preacher

Transcript — Feb. 18, 1932

Rev. Frederic W. Perkins, D. D., minister of the Universalist National Memorial Church, Washington, D. C., preached on "What is the Use of God?" at the Lenten services conducted by the Greater Boston Federation of Churches, at Tremont Temple today.

"This question expresses the form which distrust or denial of God is most apt to take in the present day," said the speaker, who took his text from John 4:16: "God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

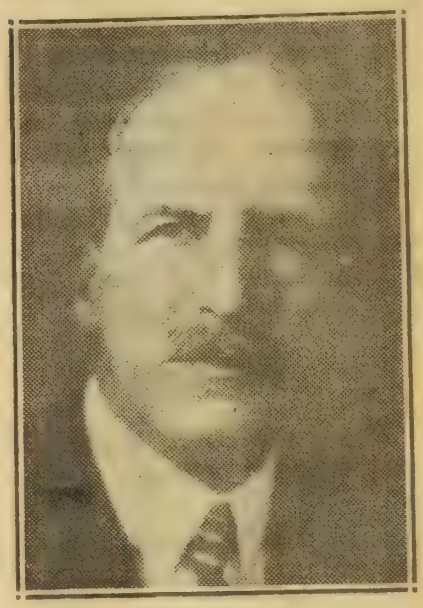
"Once the question was, 'Does God Exist?' Instead of man being made in the image of God, is God a fiction projected in the image of man? Today, however, the question is more likely to be, 'Is God of any practical value?'

"Atheism today is not so much an intellectual denial as it is a practical dismissal. Of course, they work out as the same thing. For all practical purposes it makes no difference whether God is a fiction or a useless fact. Nevertheless, I put the question in the form that more accurately reflects the present-day mood.

"One use of God is to validate our highest ideals and aspirations. They are promissory notes drawn against a spiritual bank. Faith in God is faith that the bank is solvent. There is too much that passes for religion which justifies the charge that reliance on God is useless. It is a wholesome protest against a religion that makes God everything and man a worm of the dust. But that is not religion at its best. There is another and a higher sort that makes God not a substitute for human endeavor, but its inspiration.

"For years the scourge of yellow fever held the Isthmus of Panama in its malignant grip. The work of General Gorgas in eradicating that dread disease was an epoch-making achievement which, more than engineering skill, made possible the Panama Canal. But what could Gorgas accomplish if something in the universe had not been ready to respond? If Gorgas had believed that nature was bent on preserving yellow fever as a permanent institution, he would have been beaten at the start, and would never have begun. God would not do the work of the sanitary engineer, but he would reinforce him, and in that sense of reinforcement was his strength.

"I once asked the late Jacob Riis what kept him going in his long and seemingly hopeless fight against the slums of New York. He replied, 'When a man is fighting for decency and a better chance for the other fellow, he is bound to win, or



(Harris & Ewing Photo)
Rev. Frederic W. Perkins, D. D.

somebody after him is bound to win, for God is on that side.' Surely it was no moral weakling who thus revealed the source of his indomitable strength. That is the answer to the question, 'What is the use of God?'"

We are always happy to read of the doings of any of our numerous visitors to this town, and we were particularly pleased to learn that Dr. Perkins, one of the oldest — in point of membership — of the members

February 17 continued.

of the Universalist group which comes annually to the Inn, and which, as was duly noted, recently finished its thirtieth session.

Inasmuch as we have mentioned Doctor Perkins, we are inserting more "photographic evidence" that the Universalist Retreat of 1932 was held at the Inn and was well-attended. These are pictures which just reached us.

Dr. Albion - Dr. Perkins - Dr. Tomlinson

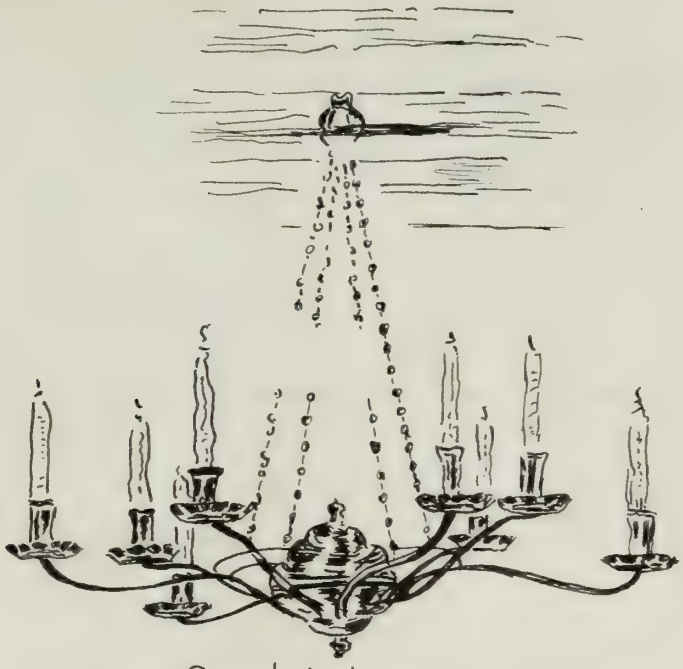
Meeting held in Old Kitchen

January 26, 1932

Entire Group

30th Retreat

Thursday, February 18, 1932. "A March day."

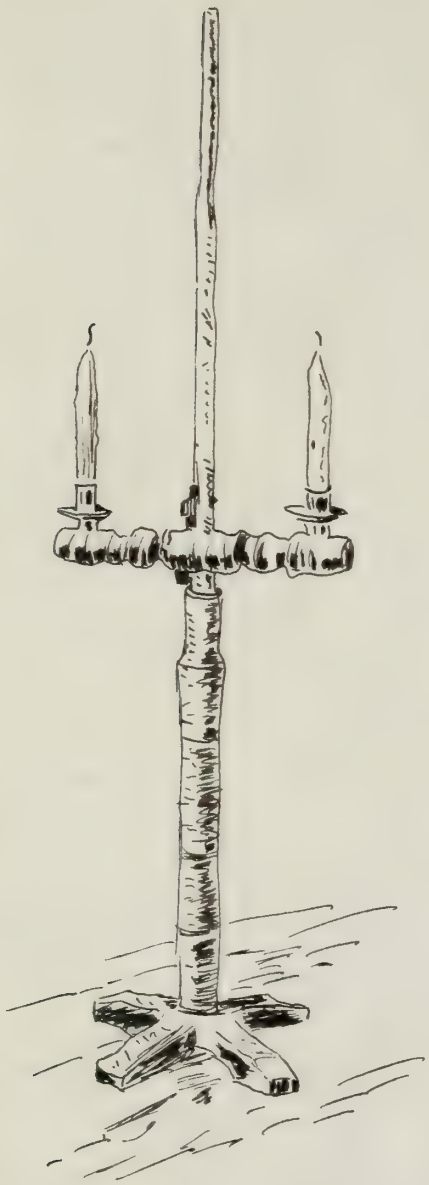


Candelabra
in
Old Dining Room

One does not need to be an authority on antiques to appreciate the beauty and charm of the lighting appliances at the Inn. Many and varied they are, ranging from the most early and primitive type of candle-stand to the "last word" in cunningly devised methods of electrical illumination.

In general, lighting is achieved by the use of special-sized electric bulbs, made in the form of candle flames and set into "candles" of varying heights, the whole being placed

February 18 - continued.



Wooden Candlesticks in Parlor

in metal sconces which give the effect of a room lighted by a number of softly glowing candles of various sizes.

"Betty" and "Phoebe" lamps of ancient design, early rush-lights - some with candles affixed to them - primitive lamps; all are to be found within the Inn; and all, we venture to assert, if necessary, could be made to give service.

Often we have heard guests remark that the best thing Mr. Ford has done in his work of reclaiming the Inn is his manner of lighting the place - not overdone, with myriads of glaring electric bulbs, but a soft, subdued radiance which is a delight to the eye and a pleasure for all lovers of the antique.

"Betty"

Friday, February 19, 1932. Cold.

Cold out-of-doors means warmth inside. Today brought us a raw, penetrating chilliness that "no coat, however stout, of homespun stuff could quite shut out" — and the fires within the Inn were, for this reason, doubly welcome.

Six children from Concord, (Mass.), came with two grown-ups to see the Inn. All eight were packed in one car and one after the other popped out like so many jumping-jacks. Bright colored sweaters and tams added to the appearance of life and vitality.

A most attentive group they were, and very serious and conscientiously they inscribed their names in our guest book.

Another group of four - three girls from the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School of Boston, and the mother of one of the girls — also went thru the house, and because they liked the place so well, they ordered tea.

In the evening the Redstone and Southwest Schools held an entertainment for their parents in the large ball-room. A short, one-act play, depicting the flying of the first flag of the United States, in which members of both schools participated, was followed by songs and recitations by the Redstone group.

All those taking part were in old fashioned costumes, and some of

February 19— continued.

the outfits were most picturesque and true to the period they represented.

"Little Miss 1932" (two of them, to be exact— one six, the other four years old) went skipping across the stage in the costumes of "Little Miss 1800"— pantalettes and all. But unlike Miss 1800, Miss 1932 (four-year-old) was very much aware of said pantalettes about her ankles and must needs stop two-thirds of the way across the stage and "adjust" them!

Two sets of pupils danced the Minuet— this also in costume— and gave a most creditable performance. We agree with the one who did the announcing: that it is very difficult to make young folks move slowly, and that their doing this stately, formal dance was an achievement not to be regarded lightly.

Four reels of "movies" of the life and times of George Washington rounded out the evening and were enjoyed by audience and performers alike.

Thus did the children of the historic Hayride Inn celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of George Washington's birth.

Saturday, February 20, 1932. Cold.

A sparkling, bright sunny day, cold enough to make even the most sluggish person "step", brought numerous visitors to us. Several groups which we think of as "St. Mark's groups" – because of the fact that they are made up of students from St. Mark's School, came for luncheon, tea, or din-

"New England Heritage," by Robert Strong Woodward, a sympathetic and sunshiny study and a worthy winner of the Boston Art Club medal, second prize in the current exhibition of "Contemporary American Oils" at the Boston Art Club, where this and other paintings reproduced were photographed.

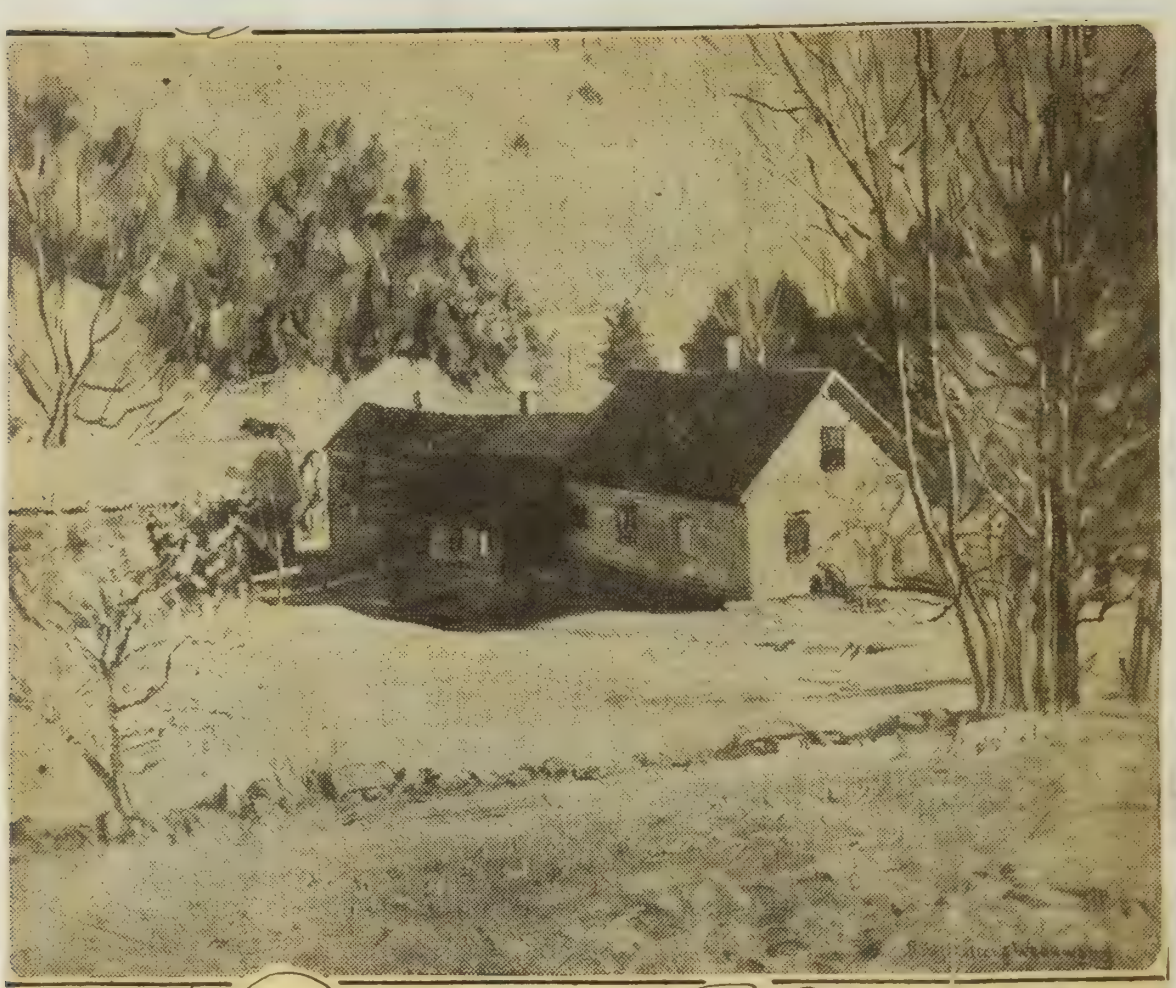
February 20 — continued.

"MARLBORO CHURCH"

ner; while the usual "Saturday visitors", people who casually drop in to see the Inn for the first time also wrote in our guest-book.

An interesting man came and sat in the bar-room for some time, studying in detail its proportions and general arrangement of furnishings. This was the artist, Robert Strong Woodward, whose work is attracting attention and some of whose pictures are included in today's pages.

February 20- continued.



"The Portrait of a Shadow"

An exhibition of paintings and chalk drawings by Robert Strong Woodward of Shelburne Falls opened yesterday in the Johnson library of Amherst college and will remain on view for two weeks. In addition to a number of canvases shown recently in Mr Woodward's exhibitions at Smith and Mount Holyoke, there are many new subjects, several in a new vein for this New England artist.

Of these there is "My Grandmother's Shawl," a large still life of antique bottles, lamp, plate, brass kettle, etc., a fuchsia plant in bloom, all set out on an old cherry table draped with an old red plaid shawl. Another new still life is called "Cora and the Amaryllis," a quaint old doll in faded purple silk, leaning against the pot of an amaryllis lily in bloom, all against a background of many books. Two new landscapes unfortunately will not be included in this exhibit as one is at present in the current exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Art and the other, a painting done this fall, is being shown at the exhibition of contemporary art now being held by the Boston Art club, at which it received one of the prize medals. There will be however a complete representation of the work of this painter who has chosen for his subjects the New England countryside in its many phases.

The paintings include: "Out of New England Soil," "New England Drama," "New England Origins," "In Old Boston," "My Grandmother's Lamp," "June Hills," "Dignity of Winter," "Marlboro Church," "White Cloud," "When Sap Runs," "Dusty Rafters," "Cora and the Amaryllis," "New England Winter," "Winter Slope," "Portrait of a Shadow," "Up the River Road," "Apples and Silk," and "Fall Flame." Chalk drawings and pastels include "God's Quiet Acre," "The Patent Angel," "Down From Heath," "On the Water Front," "The Valley in June," "Mt Greylock in December," "The Hills of Cummington," "From T Wharf, Drying Nets," "Crazy Roofs, North Hadley" and "The Young Tree and the Old House."

From the "Springfield, Mass. Sunday Union and Republican" of February 14, 1932, the pictures and article on this and the following pages.

February 20 - concluded.

"WINTER SLOPE"

Simple, homelike scenes and subjects characterize the paintings of this New England artist; and it is possibly because of this fact that his work holds an appeal for us. Surely we have seen just such a "Winter Slope" as is here pictured; "A New England Heritage" is that old farmhouse where we had such fun; and "Marlboro Church" is typically the "first church" of any number of our New England towns and villages.

The common type of visitor, the tourist, the epicurean, the college professor of music, the school-boy, the artist — all visited us to-day, and each, we hope, found something to cause him to wish to come again.

Anne Dickerson.

Monday, February 22, 1932. A Perfect.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington was as perfect a day as any one could possibly wish. An almost cloudless sky and weather which had just enough of winter in it to make it pleasant made our many visitors enjoy the Inn more, perhaps, than they would ordinarily have done.

Five students from the Newton Training School (Newton, Mass., Hospital) came to the Inn to learn the story and to see the treasures it contains. With them was the social director.

At half past one thirty-one orders for roast beef luncheons were in readiness for an equal number of St. Marks boys and their partners. Several smaller parties of boys from the same school were also served during the afternoon.

An elderly man approached the "bar maid" and asked if Mr. "Jenny" Lovett had been to the Inn recently. It seems that this gentleman taught Mr. Lovett to dance — and a gleam of remembrance came into his eyes as he spoke.

Evidently the Wayside Inn appealed to the former "first lady" of Massachusetts — Mrs. Alvan

February 22 continued

H. Fuller - for she came again to see us, and brought five friends with her. Just a week ago she came, it will be remembered, bringing friends, members of the Chicago Opera Company.

Two hundred and six guests were served either tea, dinner, or lunch during the day, and there were four who had breakfast. This total of two hundred and ten compares very favorably with last year's number - two hundred and fourteen. This, however, does not include the meals served to the boys of the Boys' School or to the workers at the Inn. With these added to the list, the number would be well over the two hundred and fifty mark. This, in consideration of the "depression" and "hard times" of which we hear so much, is most encouraging.

Tuesday, February 23, 1932. Cold.

The day after a holiday is, we often find, quite busy, and today seemed to be no exception to the rule. Quite a few people came to see the house and we had fifty in the dining room during the course of the afternoon and evening. We noted one group of six, evidently three husbands with their wives, who were enjoying steak dinners. Such remarks as: "Isn't this a good dinner!" "Why, this is exactly the sort of meal you would expect to be served in a place like this;" "I wonder how they make the cornbread — it's awfully good, isn't it?" — these and other observances made us feel happy, naturally, that our efforts to please our guests had succeeded.

We miss the Redstone children at noon, and the girls of the Mary Lamb and Southwest Schools who come for sewing at the Inn. This being vacation week for the grade schools, such classes are, of course, omitted.

At the "eleventh hour", so to speak, two guests entered and said, "The same as usual." Nothing more. And we wrote a slip that read:

"2 Steak,
medium".

Wednesday, February 24, 1932 — Cold.

Another cold day — snow-flurries in the air, but no definite results from them — and a steady glow and warmth from the fire-places within the Inn — it is such a scene and at such a time that the Inn becomes unspeakably dear to us. There is that indefinable something about the place which grips one and makes one love it with an intensity that is not — nor can it be — understood by those who have had no contact with the old place.

It is as tho one met and learned to reverence and respect a person of very fine qualities; and as time went on that reverence and respect grew and deepened into a love that really "surpassed the love of woman."

One can grow old, can survive many hardships and painful experiences, but one can never forget an experience as precious as that of the privilege of having been connected with the old Wayside Inn.

Anne Dickerson.

2/24/32.

Friday - February 26 1932.

To-day, a group of young girls, sixteen in number explored the nooks and crannies of the Inn. They were members of the Alpha Theta Club an organization in the Natick Congregational Church.

Saturday - February 27, 1932.

Among the dinner guests at the Inn today were two distinguished persons whom we have often seen pictured in the papers Ex-Governor and Mrs. Allen of Massachusetts. With them were two guests from China.

February 27th is a significant date to members of the Wayside Inn family because it marks the anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. What could be a more fitting tribute to this great man who loved our Inn than a wreath made up of material gathered from the fields and woods of the estate. This token of love and esteem to the immortal poet was placed on the grave in Mt. Auburn Cemetery

The Wayside Inn territory covers such an expanse that many kinds of soil can be found probably accounting for the variety of plants used in the composition of the wreath. Mr. Lee has submitted this list of names:- Deer Horn Evergreen, Moss, White Pine Boughs, White Pine Cones, Yellow Pine Cones, Myrtle Vine, American Arborvitae, English Arborvitae, Norway Spruce Boughs, Colorado Silver Spruce Boughs, Oak Puff Ball, Sumach, Straw Flowers, Honesty, Ynonimus Yellow and Green Vine, Ynonimus Green Vine, Yew Boughs, Bot Boughs, Lily of the Valley Bush, and Canadian Hemlock

Saturday - February 27 - continued.

February 27 1932

A picture of the wreath that was placed on the Longfellow grave.

Wayside Inn Journal.

photographs of the main subjects.

February 1932.

February 1932.

Wayside Inn Journal
Thursday continued.

February - 1932. - The Greenhouse.

Another view showing Dutton Lodge in the distance.

Wayside Inn - Journal -

Monday: February 29 1932.

After a week's absence once more the sound of children's voices can be heard chattering in the Inn. The pupils of Redstone School have returned from their vacation and are continuing the practice of coming to the Inn for their luncheon. A week is a long time to little folks and stories have a wonderful opportunity to accumulate. Consequently, the Hostesses had to hear each wonderful tale, incoherent though it might be.

Never will a bridal party fail to thrill us of bride and groom, visiting the Wayside Inn, would arouse a spark of romance in the breast of the most stoical person alive. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Cox Hall were the principals in the dinner party of this day.

Tuesday - March 1 1932.

The first overnight guests since February 19 came to-day, Miss Lady, a Gloucester High School teacher and Miss Gibbs, a much traveled student working for a degree at Boston University. For the last six months she has been studying in England. The two young ladies were greatly interested in our schools and spent some time visiting each.

Reminiscent of our recent snow storm are the two pictures on the next page. Views of these buildings surrounded by drifts have been rare this winter. We shall have to be contented with just a white blanket covering the landscape because they are excellent

Wayside Inn Journal

Wednesday - March 2, 1932.

We had to look at the calender to-day to be certain that we had made no mistake. No, Spring had not been officially welcomed in although there were many indications that the famous Lame had given us a few delightful samples of what is to follow in a few weeks, — a balmy temperature birds flitting from branch to branch. There are a few outstanding signs of the approaching season that have never failed such as melting ice, muddy roads and an increasing number of guests.

Thursday - March 3, 1932.

The spring-like atmosphere continues. Yellow daffodils are synonymous with that season. These favorite flowers found on the tables in the dining-room are unusually large and lovely. Yello and orchid are complimentary colors and the combination of Poor Man's Orchids and Daffodils are especially pleasing to the eye. On the left page are two views of the source of our lovely floral decorations. It has always been a source of wonder to see the delicate plants blooming inside and zero weather outside with only glass between.

Wayside Inn Journal

Thursday continued.

Dr. Mary Palmer and five guests were here for dinner. The entire group was from the Psychopathic Hospital in Boston, probably all students. One member from New Zealand was a long way from home.

Friday - March 4, 1932.

To the casual observer the garden is "just dead," but the careful seeker would be rewarded for his diligence by the cheery sight of brave little Crocuses that have peeked thru the covering of dead leaves and snow. We still have a few patches of snow which several beautiful sunshiny days have been unable to drive away.

Saturday - March 5, 1932.

At noon, a friendly group of seven people came in for luncheon. Two members were very interesting as they were identical twins. Contrary to the usual rule that twins seldom survive they looked hale and hearty at fifty years of age. One gentleman claimed the distinction of being one-half older than his brother. Their father is still living and is over ninety years old.

The old saying, "This world is a small place after all" bears out the truth of the statement more each day. This seems especially true at the Inn where many countries are represented during the course of a few months. Here, acquaintances are often re-established

Wayside Inn Journal

Saturday continued.
which are interesting, particularly when our own friends are concerned. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Bradbury incidently renewed acquaintance with Father Holland who was a fellow passenger on a Mediterranean cruise that sailed on the Steamship Homeric in 1925

The delightful afternoon brought many "tea" guests to the Inn.

Wayside Inn journal

Monday March 7, 1932. Snow, wind and hail

One of the most important events of the year is taking place today in the town of Sudbury - town meeting. Schools are closed for the afternoon and business in general is at a standstill. And why shouldn't this be considered an important day for it's the time when many important decisions are to be made. The fact that we are helping to train future citizens of Sudbury in the Wayside Inn Schools makes us feel closely connected with the town.

The delightful weather of last week was too good to last and today it has been undecided whether to rain, hail or snow. As to be expected it was very quiet at the Inn. As in the olden days when everyone was curious to see who was arriving on the stagecoach, the hostesses of today watch to see who is getting off the bus. We were pleasantly surprised to see the portly form of our good friend Dr Tomlinson alight from the two o'clock bus. He told us that he was on his way from Boston to Worcester and had decided to revive memories by stopping and having a cup of tea. As usual, he had many interesting things to tell us and we were very sorry to have his brief visit come to a close.

Tuesday - March 8, 1932. Clear and windy

The traditional March winds have arrived. All day the sign of the Red Horse creaked merrily in the gale,

Wayside Inn Journal

Tuesday continued

doors banged, and anything not fastened securely was in danger of being caught up by the breeze and carried away.

The warmth of the hearth was inviting to those who were seeking a refuge from the penetrating winds outside. A group of ladies gathered around the spacious fireplace in the bar room after their luncheon and chattered over their knitting. Not since the days of the World War have we seen people flying the needles so industriously in a public place.

We were quite surprised at the number of overnight guests last night During the late afternoon three people arrived and emphatically stated that they had come at this season of the year because they wanted to be alone in the Inn. They were assured that it was very unlikely that they would be disturbed by other guests because there are few over night guests during the colder months. Strange to say on this night of all nights, more people arrived until the total number was increased to six. Just another of the unexpected occurrences.

Wednesday - March 9, 1932 Clear and cold.

The chief topic of conversation of those who come into the Inn is the kidnapping of Colonel and Mrs Lindbergh's baby. The headlines of the newspapers lying on the original tavern

Wayside Inn Journal

Wednesday - continued.

table in the bar room f'aunt the news daily that "Baby Lindy" hasn't been found. The attention of the whole world is centered upon the safety and return of one little baby boy. One editorial effressed it in such a way to convey the idea that this world isn't such a bad place after all when the affairs of the nation are forgotten temporarily while the search is being carried on. Inn folks are greatly concerned over the outcome of the affair because we feel as if we knew the Lindbergh family as a result of the interesting visit Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh made with us a few years ago.

Thursday - March 10, 1932. - Cold, slight snow flurr

Traffic on Boston Road was held up this morning by the sheep being transferred from the Samson Barn to the one across from the Inn. Their approach was heralded by the sound of automobile horns and shouts of men trying to guide the flock. The usual placid scene was somewhat disturbed by the commotion. The supposed sure cure for insomnia, that of counting sheep going over fences, could be thoroughly tested this morning for when the hurrying herd arrived at the field near the State Road they decided to go over the wall en masse! With the greatest deperity they climbed the wall and were soon going in the direction

Thursday - continued.

opposite to the wishes of the drivers. However, in due time, they arrived at the desired destination.

A birthday party for a group of second grade boys is a gala event. Four little boys and one little girl came today with David Holden of Concord to celebrate his eighth birthday. He has been coming to the Inn with his little sister and grandmother for several years so we look forward to their coming when the reservation is telephoned ahead, as it was today, to make arrangements for this very "special" party, with its cake and favors.

Friday - March 11, 1932. Pleasant.

In contrast to the group of small boys who visited us earlier in the week a class of eight boys and two instructors came during the morning from the South Junior High School in Waltham. The group was very quiet and attentive partly due to the fact that they were old enough to appreciate the valuable connection between the Inn and the study of literature in school.

We are very glad that the great interest Mrs. Ford has in the National Farm and Garden Association has brought her to the eastern part of the United States because it means that we'll have the pleasure of her presence in the Inn for a few days. Mr. Frank Campsall, Mr. Ford's secretary,

Friday - continued.

came with Mrs Ford. Other members of the party on the "Hay Lane" were Mrs. Margaret Ruddiman, Mrs. Ford's sister-in-law, Miss Catherine Ruddiman, and Miss Evelyn Ford, nieces.

Saturday, March 12, 1932 — Fair and pleasant.

The earliest guests in the Inn today was a group of twelve year old boys from the neighboring city of Marlboro. The boys, who represented a Sunday School class in the First Baptist Church, spent about an hour examining the many interesting articles.

Around noon Mrs. Ford and her party left for Boston. Later in the afternoon about 5:30, Mr. Campbell went to Worcester to meet the private car.

There are a variety of reasons why people come to the Inn and each person has his own particular interest. The Inn is often used as a model and frequently someone comes to study the lighting fixtures, the fireplaces or the furniture. Only Saturday, a young couple perhaps bride and groom, came to get ideas for restoring an old house in Stubbardston, Mass. The tap room wall paper was of special interest to them. That which tells the whole story of John Gilpin's ride. The woman, who was from Switzerland, is a collector of European Antiques and was especially interested in our early American pieces.

We are always glad to welcome

Wayside Inn Journal

Saturday continued.

our regular guests who feel the need of the quiet, relaxation, and good food that the Inn offers. The early Saturday evening brought one who comes as often as possible driving out into the setting sun looking forward with no fear of disappointment to the comfort he always finds at the Wayside Inn.

Wayside Inn Journal

Monday. March 14, 1932. Cold and clear.

The decidedly cold weather which we have been experiencing for the past week has continued today. The chilly breezes, however, did not prevent an unusually interesting visitor from coming to see us. Master Harald Hansen, a twelve year old boy, who, until five months ago, lived and attended the schools in Hamburg, Germany, was the special guest on this occasion. It was quite surprising to find how well he spoke the English language. Since coming to the United States he has been attending a private school in Boston.

The Senior Hansen is a violinist in the Boston Symphony orchestra. The maxim "Like father like son" seems to have been exemplified in this family for Master Harold has become proficient enough on the same instrument to broadcast over station W. B. Z. accompanied on the piano by his father.

We were able to secure Master Harold's signature and address.

Harald Hansen

Hamburg 39

Hudtwalckerstrasse 27 III

12 Years old

Wayside Inn Journal

Tuesday - March 15, 1932 - Very cold and clear.

Among our most recent guests who have come from territory outside the United States, were Lady Astley Cubitt and her son, Michael Russell who gave their address as Government House, Bermuda. When we speak of lords and ladies our minds usually revert to the olden day when "knighthood was in flower" and the sight of a flesh and blood lady in modern attire is rather astonishing. One of the last impressions that the two will have of the United States will be that of the Wayside Inn because both mother and son are sailing for England on Friday so that the son may continue as a student at Cambridge University.

The picture today is a recent view of the Hostess Cottage taken from the rear of the Inn, not long ago. From

Tuesday continued

the smoke rising from the chimney, it can be seen that someone is living in the quaint old house. While Mrs. W. L. Spicer, who is National Chairman of the Marketing Committee, is staying with us, she and her housekeeper are helping to keep the hearth fires burning in the little white house on Dutton Road.

Wednesday, March 16, 1932 Pleasant.

Our interest is centered today on a solitary gentleman who wandered through the Inn during the greater part of the morning, studying and enjoying each nook and cranny. The outstanding guest on the day saw the Inn through the eyes of an artist. People of artistic nature are generally expected to be somewhat different from those who are engaged in more material occupations, and, therefore, we were not surprised to find our new acquaintance inclined toward eccentricity. Mr. Wood, his name gave an interesting account of sketching the old missions in California. His home is in Porto Rico.

For some unknown reason more luncheon and dinner guests came than we have had on an ordinary day for some time. To be exact, there were twenty-two luncheons and eleven dinners served in the Old Dining Room during the noon hour. This number does not include the meals served the hostesses and school children.

Wayside Inn Journal

Thursday - March 17, 1932 Snow.

This was one of those days when it is more comfortable to be inside than out. As sort of an aftermath of our winter weather we had a snow storm which evidently had the effect of making people feel reluctant to leave the warmth of their own hearth fires for our list of guests was limited. It was just a coincident that the "Welcome Mat" should come back from the cleaners today when there were only three guests to welcome.

There is a story of a Welcome Rug which comes to our mind. A large family was in the habit of calling on the Minister frequently. Because of the size of the family these visits might be considered too numerous. But the reason for the many visitations may have been the "Welcome" that greeted the guests as they entered the door. However, as the story goes, these people came so oft that the letter "L" became obliterated and this is what remained "We come." There was no danger on this day of any of the letters becoming worn on our "Welcome Rug."

On a day like this we don't anticipate anything exciting to take place. This was all the more reason why we accepted the announcement of the arrival of the first lamb so joyously. For many weeks we have been anticipating this news and it

Thursday - continued.

was very appropriate that this "wee baby" should come into the world on St. Patrick's birthday. Now the Inn has competition for first place in the public's interest.

Friday - March 18, 1932. Pleasant

The snow which fell yesterday disappeared rapidly when the sun came out. Little brooklets trickled along the roads everywhere and the air was much warmer than it had been for several days.

Just the kind of day to take a ride around the Estate to visit one or two of the outlying points of interest that are apt to be forgotten because they are not in the immediate vicinity of the Inn. One is the Plympton house located in the region of the Wayside Inn station. It is about the oldest house in this part of the country and is around three hundred years old. It is a one room dwelling with only three windows. The well is found inside the structure and there is only one door through which the building can be entered.

The second picture shows a house situated very close to the Plympton house. This is where Myrick Carr, the deaf and dumb man, lived with his companion during the latter part of Mr. Carr's life. This gentleman was born in the Plympton house and lived

Wayside Inn Journal

Friday - continued.

almost his entire life in the one room building except for his declining years. To be specific, he lived just three years in the second house mentioned and he died two years ago.

The Plympton House

March - 1932.

The house where Myrick Carr lived.

March - 1932.

Wayside Inn Journal

Saturday - March 19, 1932 Stormy

Again we had snow - this time in the form of a blizzard, which took us quite by surprise. When evening came, most of the snow that had fallen during the day, had disappeared and had left no trace of the furious hurricane of snow that had raged during the morning.

The afternoon sun brought out several groups of guests. One lady from Fall River had some interesting things to tell us relating to the Longfellow family. She is a member of the Unitarian Church in Fall River where Samuel Longfellow the younger brother of Henry W. Longfellow, was the ~~[illegible]~~ pastor, somewhere around 1848. Not long ago she had occasion to look for information concerning the Longfellow's family life. This research was carried on in the interest of a special observance honoring Samuel Longfellow. As she studied the clippings kept in a Fall River Bank she found many interesting touches of the family as well as material relating to the poet and the Wayside Inn. Her visit to the Inn was more than idle curiosity.

We mustn't fail to mention the three Boy Scouts from Leominster who literally blew in when we opened the door. They had ridden from that town on bicycles in an endeavor to earn merit badges and if we are any judge of merit they certainly earned the awards, riding through the snow storm.

Wayside Inn Journal

Monday March 21, 1932. Partly cloudy

A sister of the architect of the Antiquarian Society House in Concord, Mass, was among the guests at the Inn to-day. As she termed herself a "Concordian" and, therefore, well versed in the history of that historic neighboring town she was greatly interested in the wealth of historical material the Inn has to offer. We find, in conversing with many people who come to the Wayside Inn annually, that a large number of them have made a pilgrimage to the points of interest in Concord and Lexington. They take great delight in comparing these places with the Inn.

One of the beauty spots found on the Estate is the pond located at the rear of the General Store. When the picture was snapped the body of water was unusually lovely as it sparkled in the sun half covered with ice and half open water. This view was taken from the State Highway.

Wayside Inn Journal

Tuesday - March 22, 1932 Ice, rain, snow.

To-day we experienced one of those incidental meetings that help to break up the monotony of every day routine. A Mr. & Mrs. Delbert E. Andrews, who have charge of two summer camps located in the wilds of Maine at Jefferson, visited the Inn. In return for the interesting stories the hostesses told of the Inn they related tales concerning camp life. In addition to this they left as souvenirs of their visit, two booklets describing two of the loveliest spots of Maine where their camps are located.

As the guests and hostesses were conversing the Southwest girls arrived for a sewing class. To the amazement of a few people two young ladies left the school group and literally came bounding into the Bar Room in their eagerness to renew acquaintances with Mr. & Mrs. Andrews. When the excitement had subsided it was explained that these two girls had attended and enjoyed a period at the girl's camp and as further proof of the good time and hospitality offered by the camp they signified intentions of returning this year. This one happy meeting brightened an otherwise dull day.

The countryside was unusually beautiful this morning with its coating of ice. Every tree, stone, and bush, and even the dried grass presented a bejeweled appearance. Toward noon the temperature rose and all traces of the ice storm

Wayside Inn Journal

Tuesday - continued.

disappeared.

March 18, 1932

- The first lamb this season and its shepherd.

Reports from the barn across the street have brought the news of several pairs of lambs. But here tragedy has entered for one of the twins proved to be too weak to combat this world and so expired. Again we are brought to realize the truth of the theory "survival of the fittest.

Wednesday March 23, 1932 Beautiful Spring Day.

Several countries were represented in a group from the Prince School in Boston. One young lady said she was from Sweden, another from Honolulu, and two had lived in

Wayside Inn journal

Thursday March 24, 1932. Pleasant.

March 16, 1932

O much photographed subject, the Grist Mill

The resumption of the sale of postal cards at the Inn will be good news to the many guests who desire of few remembrances of their visit and haven't time to go to the Market. To-day the cards made their annual appearance at the Inn, although they will not go on sale until April 1st. The many views of the Inn outside and in, were filed away carefully and, we might say, prayerfully, with a thought to the future when many people will be demanding these same cards in a hurry.

Our array of Easter lilies and hyacinth were supplemented today with additional blooms. Throughout the house are seen many exquisite samples of what can be found in our greenhouse. Many complimentary

Wayside Inn Journal

Wednesday - continued.

Honolulu and felt that they knew quite a bit about that country. They were a very jolly group making the most of the first pleasant day of their school vacation. They were only a few of the many interesting people that the lovely spring day brought out.

In the spring we are moved to ~~to~~ a bit of renovating or sprucing up as we say. The spirit has invaded the Inn for if we sniff hard enough we can detect the odor of paint. The wall paper in the hall is being patched here and there where piecest has disappeared either by accident or via the proverbial American souvenir hunter.

The picture shows one place where it still remains.

March 16, 1932.

(in outlet of the pond at the Market.

Thursday continued.

comments have been overheard as the guests enjoy the beauty of the flowers. They bring to mind the quotation that says something about "feeding the soul on hyacinths" for here is an excellent repast.

Good food, - food that is benefical to health, is a vital subject to those connected with the Wayside Inn because so much time and effort is put into obtaining and maintaining a correct diet. To be effected, we were greatly interested to learn that Mr Neumann, one of today's guest is a dealer in Good Health Food in Detroit, Michigan, and has as a customer, Mr. Ford.

Friday - March 25, 1932 Pleasant.

It seemed like old times with the many guests coming into the Inn. It was supposed that the large number could be accounted for by the satisfactory weather which added to the variety of temperatures to which we have been subjected during the earlier part of the week.

As a pleasant conclusion of a very busy day a party of nine enjoyed an old kitchen dinner. These features have been more or less rare this past season so we were all overjoyed at the prospect and we weren't disappointed because the group from Brookline proved to be very interesting and entertaining.

The canary bird has a companion. Today, another songster was brought from

Friday - continued.

the Market to aid in despising melodies throughout the Inn. He is just on trial, however, and if he doesn't "make good" he'll have to go back. The two birds help to create an homelike atmosphere

Saturday - March 26, 1932 Rain

The first triplets of the season have arrived. All the baby lambs are thriving and we are looking forward to the time when they will be old enough to gambol about in the field.

One of the many couples who are in the habit of observing their wedding anniversaries at the Inn came today for luncheon, to mark another milestone in their married life.

On dull and rainy days the light from the fireplaces shine through the many windows issuing an hospitable invitation to those outside to come in where warmth and good cheer abound. To fully appreciate the large number of windows the Inn must be seen at night when the lights shine like myriad stars through the panes. Then the Inn can be viewed from many points throughout the countryside. Mr. Lee told us recently that he had made 196 screens for the windows in the Coach House and the Inn. This number surprised us so that we were led to count the fireplaces in these two buildings. We found there were seventeen in all. The common things we take for granted often astound us when we stop to observe them.

Wayside Inn Journal

Monday - March 28, 1932 Stormy

This morning, when we looked out of the windows we saw, not violets, but several inches of snow. Quite a surprise after the balmy Easter Day when the birds warbled at their best. Mrs. Bradbury reports that the lilies were loveliest of any time since they have been in the Inn. The beauty of their simplicity reminds us of the passage in the Bible - Matthew 6. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

In spite of the terrible day, the worst we've had for several weeks a group of five came for luncheon. Two members were from Oklahoma and greatly enjoyed their first visit.

A great deal of the charm and dignity of the Inn are due to the presence of our resident hostess Mrs. Bradbury. She has been with us only a short while but already she has endeared herself to her associates and has proved to be a gracious hostess to the guests. From snatches of conversation we have discovered that her life contains many interesting episodes.

Wayside Inn Journal

Monday - continued.

Mrs. Bradbury
March, 1932.

Tuesday - March 29, 1932.

Where could a better place be found in which to recuperate after a severe illness than the Wayside Inn. Here an opportunity is found to withdraw from the noise and confusion of city life. Nature has provided many places about the estate which are incentives for walking, - a very healthy exercise; and the atmosphere in general is beneficial to any one desiring relaxation. Mr. & Mrs C. J. Seyffert are of the same opinion for they arrived back night at 9.15 for a

Tuesday - continued.

short visit in order that Mr. Seyffer may rest after his recent illness. They are of special interest to us because Mr. Seyffer is an employee of Mr. Ford.

Wednesday - March 30, 1932. - Ideal day.

The last remnants of winter are slowly, but gradually relinquishing their hold as nature unfolds before us. The call of the outdoors, yesterday afternoon, became so insistant that it was useless to try to resist the temptation. Foot steps were first directed to the field where the sheep and lambs were wandering about. The boy was placing their food in troughs which were scattered about the field. It was an amusing sight to see the sheep rush to each trough as the food was emptied into it, leaving all the lambs behind, looking rather startled and surprised to find themselves deserted. These lambs have many admirers, not only among the younger generation but among the adults, as well, for many grown ups can be seen, daily, in the line along the fence.

Returning to the vicinity of the Inn a visit was made to the garden to see how things were progressing there. To-day, the first flowers of the season were discovered. Some time ago the crocuses were in bloom just outside the Inn but these were the first flowers in the garden - Chionis Vernalis, commonly known

Wednesday - continued.

as Golden Anemone. Several robins were flying overhead and the familiar "oak-a-lees" of the red-winged blackbirds could be heard coming from the meadow. The water in Josephine Pond had been swelled by melting snow until it was dangerously close to the banks. All in all, it was a glorious spring day.

Many schools and colleges are closed for Easter vacations and a number of students have availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting historical places including the Wayside Inn in their itinerary. One group consisted of boys from St. Francis Preparatory School in Brooklyn, New York.

Thursday - March 31, 1932 Rain.

Even though it rained steadily for the greater part of the day the storm didn't phase the sheep and lambs for they decided to go on an epcursion. Perhaps the urge of spring was too great for them, but at any rate most of them went over the wall with the lambs scampering along on their first epcursion. They were having a jolly time until they were discovered and headed back toward the fields. The sheep of today must have inherited characteristics from their ancestors of Bible times for we read in Isaah - "All we like sheep have gone astray."